

THE
RELIGIOUS POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM,
VICAR OF CHART - SUTTON, IN KENT,
IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD II.

PRESERVED IN A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT.

EDITED BY

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RELIGIOUS FORMS

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1848

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PREFACE.

WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM is, as far as I know, a new name in the list of English writers. His poems are interesting in two points of view; they exhibit to us the popular doctrines of the age on subjects of religion, which alone were consigned to the vulgar tongue, and they present a good specimen of the English language as it was then spoken and written in the county of Kent. They seem to have been written by a zealous, and far from unlearned, preacher, for the purpose of enforcing the doctrines of the Church on the minds of those who were only capable of understanding them when offered in a popular form; and they offer most of the subjects of Christian doctrine which were then considered important. The first of these poems recounts and illustrates the

seven sacraments of the Catholic Church, and gives a very full description of its principal ceremonies and orders. The second is a rhyming version of some portion of the ceremonies. The third, on the ten commandments, and the fourth, on the seven sins, are short commentaries on Christian morality. The fifth is on the joys of the Virgin, a most popular subject in the middle ages. The sixth is a hymn on the Virgin, translated from Robert Grosteste. The seventh and last, in which the writer becomes at times quite philosophical, is a sort of dissertation on some of the mysteries of the Christian faith, but more especially on the doctrine of original sin.

Our information as to the author of these poems is derived from the colophons at the end of several of them, in which he is called William de Shoreham, and is stated to have been vicar of Chart near Leeds. In Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense*, p. 207, we have a charter of Walter archbishop of Canterbury, by which he impropriates the rectory of Chart-Sutton to the prior and convent of Leeds, upon which it became a vicarage, and we

learn that the first vicar admitted was William de Shoreham. The archbishop alluded to was Walter Raynolds, who held the see from 1313 to 1327. It is therefore probable that our Kentish poet, who was, no doubt, a native of Shoreham, near Otford (about four miles and a half from Seven-oaks), was originally a monk of the priory of Leeds, and he was made vicar of Chart-Sutton on the appropriation of that living to his convent by archbishop Walter. His poems may, therefore, be attributed to the reign of Edward II. It appears from one of the colophons (p. 116 of the present volume) that he was living under Walter's successor, archbishop Simon Mepham (1327-1333): and he, probably, occupied himself in the latter period of his life in collecting his poems into the very manuscript from which they are here printed, which appears to be of the beginning of the reign of Edward III. The manuscript was in private hands at the time my transcript was made; but I am not sure whether at present it be in a private, or public collection. I have every reason to believe my transcript to be a correct

one; but, unfortunately, while the present edition was passing through the press, it was not in my power to refer to the original, and to this circumstance, I trust that any errors that may have occurred in editing a text which presents many difficulties, will be attributed.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

24, *Sydney Street, Brompton.*

October 1849.

POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM.

*De septem sacramentis. De psalmo, Excercitatus sum
et defecit spiritus.*

SONDERLICHE his man astoned
In his owene mende,
Wanne he note never wannes he comthe,
Ne wider he schel wende ;
And more,
Thet al his lyf his here i-mengde
Withe sorwe and eke withe sore.

And wanne he deithe, ne mey me wite
Woder he cometh to wisse ;
Bote as a stocke ther lithe thet body,
Witethoute alle manere blisse ;
Wat thenkeste ?
And hondred wynter 3ef a levethe,
That his lyf mid the lengeste.

Onnethe creft eny that stat,
 Ac some crefteth that halve ;
 And for siknesse lechecreft,
 And for the goute sealve
 Me makethe ;
 For wanne man drawith into olde-ward,
 Wel ofte his bones aketh.

And be a man never so sprind,
 3ef he schel libbe to elde,
 Be him wel siker ther-to he schel,
 And his deythes dette 3elde,
 To gile ;
 3et meni 3onge man weneth longe leve,
 And leveth wel litle wyle.

Thos we beth al away-ward,
 That scholde her by-leve ;
 And 3et me seith y-demyd we bethe
 In Adam and ine Eve,
 Te telle ;
 Wazt hope his here of savement,
 Now time his for to telle.

Me seithe the ri3te wone3ynge
 Ine hevene hyt his to manne ;
 Ac hevene his hei3e, and we beth hevy,
 Howe scholde we thider thanne ?
 Bi leddre ?
 Howe mey that be ? wo dar ther-oppe stei3e,
 For dou3te of fotes bleddre ?

Than thy laddre nys nauȝt of wode
That may to hevene leste ;
Ac on ther his that Jacob i-seiȝe,
Ther he sleppe inne hys reste ;
Now schewe this :
This ilke laddre is charité,
The stales gode theawis.

Her-on Jhesus stawe uppe bi-fore,
Al for to teche ous steȝe ;
Nowe hyȝe, man, and ffolwȝe wel,
A-doun that thou ne syȝe,
By-weyled ;
For yf thou nelt nauȝt climme thos,
Of hevene thou hest y-fayled.

And that man lovye God and man,
Ase charité hyt hoteth,
That he so wel y-theawed be,
That alle men hit notethe ;
Wat thanne ?
ȝet senneles ne may he nauȝt be,
Ac a deythe and he not wanne.

Of brokele kende his that he deithe,
For hy ne moȝe nauȝt dury ;
And al dey he to senne falleth,
Her ne moȝe nauȝt pury
Of serewnessche.
ȝet hope thou wel, man, for al this,
That goȝde lyf wole the wessche.

For dethe ne falle nauȝt into wanhope,
 For God himself for the deide,
 The thridde day he aros aȝeyn
 Of the throuȝ ther men hine leyde ;
 Ine tokene
 That, man, thi body arise schel,
 Of deithe nammore to blokne.

The Bible seythe that mannys blodis
 Hys ryȝt ther saule giste ;
 And water wasscheth the felthe away,
 Ther me wesscheth by liste
 The onsounde ;
 To wesschen ous Cryst schedde his blod
 And water out of hys wonde.

Here-of spronge the sacremens
 Of holy chyrche digne ;
 And his to segge sacrament
 Of holy thynges signe,
 For gode.

Hou myȝte fayrer signe be
 Thane of the water and blode ?

Than thorwe that blod thi soule his bouȝt
 Fram the fendes powere ;
 And thorwe that water i-wessche thart
 Of thyne sennes here.

 Nou loke,
 ȝoure Cristendom his tokene throf
 Of Criste that we toke.

For 3ef thou vangest thane cristendom,
And for than bi-left clene,
Thou schelt be marked to thet stode,
To wichen heven his y-mene ;
To sothe,
Wanne the bisschop bisschopeth the,
Tokene of marke he set to the.

Ac cristendom hys sacrement
Of so grete powere,
That hit thorwe-wasscheth thane man
Of senne in alle manere ;
And glorie
Hit scheppeth, 3ef man deythe,
And schilt fram purgatorie.

And for we beth of nonn power
To weryen ous fram schame,
Ther der no fend acombry ous,
Crist is mid ous to-sames
And neade ;
Tokene ther-of his Godes bodi
At cherche in forme of brede.

And 3et for man his so brotel
Ine his owene kende,
Tha3 he torni to senne a3en
Thorwe fondyng of the feende,
By chaunce,
That he may come to stat a3eyn
Thorwe bare repentaunce.

Her-of we habbeth tokene gode,
 Wanne we fangeth penaunce;
 For sennes that we habbeth i-done,
 To pyne allegaunce

Ine fere,
 For ther we scholde hit under-go
 Sote we pinede hit here.

That man ne falle ine wanhope
 A-last withoute bote,
 Al that he heth i-senoged her
 With honden and with fozte,
 Wyth thoute,
 Mouthe, nase, and eyzen, and with sizt,
 Eliinge brengeth hit to nouzte.

zet some hethe suche devocioun,
 That hym thingthe he his al ydel,
 For to libbe commun lif,
 Bote zef he hedde a brydel;
 Wet thinge
 Of harder stat God graunteth
 Wel tokne throwz his ordiinge.

zet that man mowe nauzt lecherie
 For-bere to donne in dede;
 zet ne schal he nauzt be for-lore,
 For God zefthe hym to rede
 Spousynge;
 Tokene throf his the weddinge
 At cherche and bitere wyinge.

Cristendom, and bisschoppynge,
Penauns, and eke spousinge,
Godes body ine forme of bred,
Ordre, and aneliinge,
Thes sevene
Heth holi cherche sacremens,
That beth tokenen of hevene.

God wescht, and marketh,
And forʒefth, and joyneth men an wyves,
And frevereth thorwe his body man,
And grace sent, and lyves ;
ze, wanne ?
Wanne we taketh the sacremens,
Thar we seth hit thanne.

That we ne mowe hyt nauʒt i-se,
Ne forthe ine bodie inrede,
We sethe hit wel ine oure fey,
And fredeth hit at nede,
Wel eʒathe,
God thorwe miracles ketheth hit
A-lyve and eke a-dethe.

And bote he thorwe hys sacramens
Ous thos bi-redde,
Ne scholde we of his grace wite
Wanne we hit toke and hadde,
To wisse ;
Ther-fore he that bi-lefeth hit nauʒt,
Riʒt wyt neth he of none blisse.

Al hit beth in these cherche sacremens,
 Thet tokeneth holi thynges,
 As hali water, and haly bred,
 Ligt, and bel-ryngynges
 To leste ;
 And of alle other sacremens
 Thes sevene beth the greste.

De baptismo.

Cristendom his that sacrement
 That men her ferst fongeth ;
 Hit openeth ous to the hevene blisse
 That many man after longeth
 Wel sore ;

For who that entreth ther,
 He his sauffe evere-more.

Nou ferst ich wille telle zou
 Wet may be the materie,
 Wer-inne cristninge may be mad,
 That bringeth ous so merie
 To honoure.

Hizt mozt be do ine kende water,
 And non other licour.

Ther-fore ine wine me ne may,
 Inne sithere, ne inne pereye,
 Ne ine thinge that nevere water nes,
 Thorȝ cristninge man may reneye,
 Ne inne ale ;

For-thie hizt were water ferst,
 Of water neth hit tale.

Ne mede ne forthe no other licour
That chaungeth wateres kende,
Ne longeth nauzt to cristendom,
Thaȝt some foles hit wende
For wete ;
For suich is kendeliche hot,
Thaȝt ther no feer hit ne hente.

Ac water is kendeliche cheld,
Thaȝ hit be warmd of fere ;
Ther-fore me mey cristni ther-inne,
In whaut time falthe a ȝere
Of yse ;
So mey me nauzt in ewe ardaunt,
That neth no wateris wyse.

Also me may inne sealte se
Cristny wel mitte beste ;
And eke inne othere sealte watere,
Bote me in to moche keschte
Of sealte ;
For ȝef that water his kende lest,
That cristninge stant te-tealte.

Ac ȝyf ther were y-mengd licour
Other wid kende watere,
Ich woȝt wel thrinne to cristnye
Hit nere nefur the betere,
Ac wonde ;
For bote that water his kende have,
That cristnynges may nauzt stonde.

In water ich wel the cristny her,
As Gode himself hyt dizte ;
For mide to wessche nis nothyng,
That man cometh to so lizte,
In londe ;
Nis non that habben hit ne may,
That habbe hit wile founde.

This bethe the wordes of cristninge
Bi thyse Englissche costes,
“ Ich cristin the in the Vader name,
And Sone, and Holy Gostes,
And more”.
Amen ! wane hit his i-sed ther-toe
Confermeth thet ther to-fore.

The wordes scholle be i-sed
Witheoute wane and eche ;
And onderstand hi more bi sed
In alle manere speche,
Ine lede ;
That everich man hi sigge more,
And cristny for nede.

Ac 3if man scholde i-cristnid be,
That neth none deathes signe,
The pope for te cristny hyne
So nere nau3t to digne
The leste ;
Ther-fore hi beth in cherche brou3t,
To cristny of the preste.

Ac he that ȝif so large water
The fend fram ous to reave,
In nede for to crystny men,
ȝef alle men i-leave,
At felle ;
Olepi me mot hym depe ine the water,
And eke the wordes telle.

And wanne hi cristneth ine the founȝt,
The prestes so thries duppeth,
In the honour of the Trinité,
Ac gode ȝeme kepeth
The ned ;
On time a clothe that water i-kest,
Ac ope the hevede to bede.

Ac water i-kest another love
Cristneth the man alyve,
Ac hit his sikerest in the heeved
Ther beth the wittes fyve,
Wel, brother,
Ne non ne may i-cristened be,
Ar ȝe his boren of moder.

ȝet gret peryl hy undergothe
That cristneth twyes enne,
Other to ȝeve asent ther-to,
Other for love of kenne
For-hedeth ;
Wanne child ariȝt cristnyng heth,
And that other nauȝt for-bedeth.

Bote hi this conne, hit his peril
 To thise medewyves ;
 For ofte children scheawith quike,
 I-bore to schorte lyves,
 And deyeth ;
 Bote he ariȝt i-cristned be,
 Fram hevene evere hi weyeth.

Ac ȝif that child i-cristned his
 Ac ine fot at me hit weveth,
 Thise habbeth forme ther-of,
 A Latin that ham gevieth
 To depe ;
 And ich schel seggen hit an Englisch,
 Nou ther-of neme ȝe kepe.

The prest taketh that ilke child
 In his honden by-thuixte,
 And seith, "ich ne cristin thei nauȝt,
 ȝef thou ert i-cristned,
 Eftsone ;
 Ac ȝyf thou nart ich cristin the ;"
 And deth that his to donne.

Ac ȝet ther beth cristnynges mo,
 Ac no man ne may diȝtti ;
 For hi beth Godes grace self,
 Men of gode ine wil to riȝti,
 And wynne,
 Wanne he wolde i-cristned be,
 And more mid none ginne.

That on his cleped cristninge of blode,
 Wanne suche bledeth for Criste ;
 That other of the Holi Gost,
 That moze mid none liste
 Be i-cristned ;
 And deyeth so wanne hi beth deede,
 In hevene hi beth i-gistned.

The children atte cherche dore
 So beth y-primisined ;
 And that hi beethe eke atte fount
 Mid oylle and creyme alyned,
 Al faylleth ;
 Higt wortheth cristnyng,
 And that child ther-to hit availleth.

De confirmacione.

Confermyng his a sacrement,
 And other that we foungeth ;
 And wanne a man hit ondervangeth
 Ine saule hit hine straungeth
 Wel liztte.
 For wanne a man y-maked his,
 The stronger he his to fyzte.
 And be thou siker that mannes lyf
 Is rizt a knizthod ine londe ;
 And so seythe Job, the holy man ;
 Now wote we thanne stonde
 To fizte ;
 The feend, that flesche, and eke the wordle,
 Azeins ous beth i-dizte.

The feend with prede acombreth ous,
With wrethe, and with envie ;
That fleische with slouthe and glotonie,
And eke with lecherie,
Thou wyse ;
The wordle, with here falȝse scheawinge,
Schent ous with coveytise.

Ac he that ine saule is strang,
That he with-stent hi alle,
And hardeliche hert othre men,
A-doun that hi ne falle,
Ac stonde ;
So his i-hert thorȝ confermynge of gode,
That for dethe nele nauȝt wonde.

Nou ich mot of this sacrement
ȝou telle the materie,
That maketh man so hardiliche
To stonde ane so merie
Ine goste,
That he ne may nauȝt y-weid be
With blanding ne with boste.

Hit his the oyle and baume y-menge,
I-blessed, and wile lestne ;
For oyle smereth thane champion
That me ne schel on him evel festne,
Ne presse ;
And baume his riche and tokened looȝ
Of thare holy prowesse.

A prince longeth for to do
The gode kniȝtes doobbynge ;
And so a prince of Godes ost
Schel do the confermynge,
None loȝer ;
Therefore hit mot a bisschoppe be,
Nis non ther-to yn oȝer.

That me wasche men over the fant
After confirmement,
Nis nauȝt do bote for that honour
Of thilke sacrement,
Soe here ;
Ther-fore me wescht and kerfy thane clout,
And berneth him in the fure.

The bisschop these wordes seth,
And beth wordes of selthe,
“Ich signi the with signe of croys,
And with the creme of hele
Confermi”.

Ine the foreheved the crouche a set,
Felthe of fendes to bermi.

In the foreheved he croucheth hine,
That hine be aschamed boutte ;
Bote for to bi-knowe Cristes name,
Withoute alle manere doute,
And with ginne,
Thorwe creymie anoynt straunge he bi-comthe,
His sauvement to winne.

Ac hou his hit ther bethe so fele
Confermed of mankenne,
And ther so feawe stondeth styf
To fyttē aȝenis senne

Maligne ?

For hi ne fongeth nouȝt that thing,
Bote the bare signe.

The signe his of the sacrament,
Mid creyme the markynge ;
Ac thing that ther bi-tokned his,
Strengthe his that God schel bringge

Amonge ;

Withoute god fey and god wil,
Mey non this thinge oundenfonge.

Ac nou that wil that is to gode
His al i-set bi-hinde ;
And thi bi-leave of Jhesu Crist
His nou al weverinde,

Undigne ;

Ther-fore ne habbeth that thing
Nauȝt bote the bare signe.

Ac thare children take that thinge
In hare chilhod so povre :
Hit leseth wanne hi cometh to wit,
Thourȝ hare misaventure

Of senne ;

Anon the foend fondeth hy so,
And he ne spareth nanne.

That deth that hi nastondeth nouȝt,
Ac eche othren aschrencheth ;
Ac ȝif hy mowe ȝet stonde bet,
Wanne hi ham bet bi-thenketh
To leve,

And do ham to devocioun,
ȝef God ham strengthe ȝive.

And thanne Gode that his so god
Anon hi stronge maketh,
As hi habbeth devocioun,
And hie God fey taketh,
Reversed ;

And al his thorȝ that sacrement,
Theiȝe hit ne be nauȝt rehersed.

For wanne we taketh this sacrement,
His soule prente taketh ;
And that hi nefer mo for-lest,
Nauȝt hi that God for-saketh,
Ac hine healdeth ;

Ine stat that sacrement ine man,
Wanne ȝe ine Gode by-aldeth.

And as thys ylke sacrement
Her thyng and toke hiis signe,
So habbeth the othere sacremens
Syxȝe that bethe so digne,
Crystnyng,

Her signe, droppynge in the water,
And thyng hiis for-ȝemyng.

Thys ylke sygne, and eke thys thyng,
Ine oure childhode we ȝyt toke,
Ac afterward we lore that thyng,
Tho we to senne toke
By wylle ;
Amend we the prente lefth
Ine oure saule wel stille.

Hym selve no man hebbe schel
To the bischoppynge,
Ine tokne of febleste of hiis goste,
Another schel him brynge,
And lefte ;
Ase he ne miȝte nauȝt himself
To confermynge crefte.

Ac her ich segge aperteliche
Thys men and eke this wyves,
That hi ne hebbe hare oȝe child
By hare quicke lyves,
And rede ;
For ȝef hy dothe man and hys wyfe,
Ther draweth God sibrede.

Of seve sacremens thre
Prente ine herte maketh ;
That beth cristnyng, and confermyng,
And ordre that men taketh
Wel blithe ;
That hy ne take hiis for no man,
Bote one-lepy sythe.

De sacramento altaris.

Nou hyzt by-valth to telle zou,
And so ich mozt wel nede,
Of Godes flesche and eke hys blode
At cherche ine forme of brede
And wyne ;
That frevereth ous in oure exil,
And lytheth oure pyne.

H3e blithe myzten hy be
That folwede Cryst in londe,
That myzte hyne eche day y-se,
Hiis swete love to fonde,
Ine keththe ;
So mowe we be for ous ner he,
Hy faylled never seththe.

For tho hiis tyme was y-come
No lenge to dwelle here,
That wete brede and honde he toke,
Ther he set atte soupere,
And seyde,
“ Taketh and eteth, thys hiis my body,”
Of sothe he ham aneyde.

For-wy hyzt moste nedes be
Al sothe that he sede,
That alle thynghe his ase he seith,
Thys resoun wole the rede,
To dede,
He seyde to al the worlde be,
And al was ase he sede.

Nammore maystrye nys higt to hym
To be ine bredes lyche,
Thane hym was ine the liche of man,
To kethen ous hiis ryche ;
Thet maketh
That hy beth alle mis-by-leved,
That other throf for-saketh.

The fend hymself him maky mey
Wel dyverse liknynges,
Of best, of men, and of wymmen,
And mani other thynges,
To nusy ;
Wel bet may Gode to oure prou
Dyverse formes usy.

Tho that the bred y-tourned was
Into hys body sylve,
He toke the coppe, with the wyne and water,
And seide eft to the twelve
Y-vere,
“ Taketh and drynketh everechon
Of this chalice here.

“ Thys hys my chalis of my blode
Of testament nywe,
That schal be schad for manye men,
And ase we sey3eth gode and trewe
And kende ;
And doth 3e thos wanne 3e hyt dothe,
Doth hyt in 3oure mende.”

Tho that he sede, "doth 3e thos,"

The hey3e kynge of hevene,

He 3af ham power to don hyt,

And forth power to 3evene,

Wel werthe,

That he ne toke Judas out,

The worste man on erthe.

And that power hys y-3ive

Fram bysschoppe to preste,

And so schel al so longe be,

Ase cristyndom schel leste,

Y-mete ;

Seththe Crist four ous an orthe come,

He nolde ous nau3t for-lete.

Tha3 he her were inne, hys manhode

Amanges ous to flotie,

3et nere he nau3t thanne ous so ne3,

Ase nou we mowe hym notye

In Gode ;

We honorieth hyne al i-holliche

Ine flesche and eke ine blode.

Wat may amounti that he wyle

So by-come oure fode,

Chaungeth he nau3t ase othere mote

Into oure flesche and blode,

By kende ?

Nay, ac he chaungeth ous in hym,

To maky ous gode and hende.

And ase Gode there his hole men mete,
And sike hyt by-swiketh,
So his the mete dampnacion
To hem that senne liketh
To holde ;
So he hyt tok and his lore,
Judas, that Jhesus solde.

Ther-fore ich segge a Godes half
To alle crystyne folke,
That wanne hy scholle y-houseled be,
That hy ne be abolke
In prede ;
Let ounde and wrethe and coveytynge,
Sleuthe and lestes on lede.

Nys none of wymman beter i-bore
To seint Johan the Baptyste,
And 3et he quakede wel ar3
Tho he touchede Crist
In the flomme ;
Thanne au3te we wel ary3t to be,
To fange hym on tromme.

Ther-fore 3ef that 3e fredeth 3ou,
That he ne be nau3t digne
For te be housled wyth thys body
Ine this thre holy signe,
Wyth-draweth ;
For wo that hy3t taketh ondygneliche,
Hys jugement he gnazeth.

May som man segge, hou schal me so
Fram ther houslynge dwelle,
Wanne God self aperteliche
Seith ous in the Gospelle,
Wel to mende,
“ Who that eteth my flesch and drynketh my blod,
Heth lyf withoute ende.”

That thou take hyzt wyth the mouthe,
Ne myd teth ther-on ne werche,
Thou takest hyt, man, 3ef that thou art
A lyme of holy cherche,
To blysse,
Wanne eny prest his messe syngeth,
I-lief hyt myd y-wysse.

For on hys Godes flesch to nemme,
Ase mouthe the mete taketh,
Another ase the mete y-3ete
Into the membres taketh ;
Ac here,
Cryst hys that heved, the prest the mouthe,
The lymes that folke i-vere.

And ase the bred to-gadere comthe
Of menye greynys to-bake,
And ase the wyne to-gadere flouthe
Of manye greyns y-take,
I-lyke,
Cryst and hiis membrys, men,
O body bethe ine mystyke.

Wet hys mystyke ne mey non wete
Be nothyng a-founde,
Bote wanne ther hys o thyng y-ked,
Another to onderstonde
Ther-inne ;

Hy that aredeth thyse redeles,
Wercheth by thilke gynne.

So wane that body hym hys ked
Of swete Jhesu Cryst,
Me may wel onderstonde ther,
By thulke selve lyste,
An other ;

Cryst and eke alle holy men
Beth o body, my leve brother.

Ther-fore guod beth this sacrement
Y-mad of suiche thynges,
That myzte of manye make on,
As Cryst and hys derlynges
I-monge ;

Thenne scholde hy at one be,
In love that scholde hyt fonge.

Nou onderstand the signe her
Fourme hys of wyne and brede ;
Noble hys that thyng, ryzt Cristes body,
And body of quike and dede ;
Ac, brother,
zet ryzte body thaȝ hyt be thyng,
Hyzt hys signe of that other.

Vor ase the ryzte bodyes lemes
Habbeth dyverse wyke,
So habbeth ryzt membrys eke
Of the body ine mystyke,
That weldeth ;
Hys honden men beth that wel doth,
The fet that wel op-heldeth.

Alle taketh that ryzt body
Thyse men at hare houslynge ;
Ac some to prou, and some to lere,
Ine wyl of senezynge,
To derye ;
Ac one Gode aryzt hyt nometh,
That body ine hys mysterye.

Ac thaȝ we be tokned ther
Ine oure Sauveoure,
Ne lef thou nauȝt the we be ther,
Ne forthe nauȝt of oure
That were ;
Thaȝ ther be tokned thynges two,
Ther nys bot o thyng there.

And that hys swete Jhesu Cryst
Ine flesche and eke ine bloude,
That tholede pyne and passyoun,
And diath opene the roude,
Wel soure ;
Ne lef non other Cryste, man,
For safour ne coloure.

For that colour, ne that savour,
Ne beth nauȝt ther-inne Cryste,
Thaȝ he ther-inne schewe hym,
By hys myȝtefolle lyste,
So couthe ;
Ne myȝte elles bet be seȝe,
Ne beter yuȝred inne mouthe.

For ȝef he schewed hym in flesche,
Other ine bloody thyng,
Hydous hyȝt were to the syȝte,
And to the cast wlatynge,
And pyne ;
Thanne hys hyt betere in fourme of brede,
And eke in forme of wyne.

For bred strengeth the herte of man,
And wyn hys herte gledeth ;
And strengthe longeth the body,
And blice the saule fedeth,
And nede ;
Ther-fore hys double sacrament,
Of wyne and eke of brede.

For he y-brout heth oure body,
Into os he let hys sinke ;
And vor the saule ine the blod,
Hys blod he let os drynke ;
Nou wost,
Wyther hys double sacrament,
For note of body and gost.

Ac wen nauȝt that Cryst be to-schyft,
Thaȝ he scheweth ine bothe,
To wene hys body wythoute blod,
By tha weye ne gothe,
To thryfte ;
For ther he hys, he hys al y-hol,
Ne mey ine hym to-schifte.

Theȝ ther te breke aȝe ine the mouth,
Other ine thyne honden,
Hyt nas nauȝt he that hys to-broke,
Ensample thou myȝt fonden
To slyfte ;
In a myrour thou myȝt fol wel thi-selve se,
Bote nauȝt the ymage schefte.

By thyse ensample thou myȝt y-se
He hys ine echautere ;
Y-hol the prest hys messe syngeth,
Theȝ he ne be nauȝt y-here,
Ac wykke,
Ase ther beth foles swiche fele
Y-sawe al to thykke.

Ac thaȝ the prest hys messe do
Inne dedleche senne corse
Thet sacrement, man, be thou syker,
For hym nys nase worse ;
For loke,
The sacrement nys nathe wors,
Thaȝ that Judas hyt toke.

Ac thaȝ hyt be never the wors
That sacrement an honde,
The bone that swych prest ther byȝt
No stel ne schel hym stonde,
Ac derye ;
For he despyseth Jhesu Cryst,
Wanne he hym scholde herye

And ȝyf thou wylt tak hyt to prou,
For the and thyne freende,
Ryȝt repentaunt and ryȝt devout
Take hys death in thy meende,
Naut lyȝt ;
The more thou thenkest so on hys death,
The more hys thy meryte.

Manne, wanne thyt takest ase other mete,
Into thy wombe hyȝt sedlyth ;
Ac ne defith nauȝt ase thy mete,
Wyth thyne flesch medlyth,
Ac kevereth
Al other wyse, and so thy body
And thy saule hyȝt frevereth.

Nabyd hyȝt nauȝt ase other mete
Hys tyme of defyynge ;
And ryȝt anon hyȝt frevereth
In thare oundervanginge,
Destresse,
Of syke men, thaȝ hy hyt keste of,
Ne helpeth hyt nauȝt the lasse.

For yf the syke man hys gode
In the leve of holy cherche,
Theȝ he hyȝt cast op, hyt bylefth
Sauvacion to werche,
Ryȝt there ;
For al at ones he mey be god,
Ther and elles-were.

He soffreth wel to be kest op,
And ȝet to be honoured ;
Ac he soffreth noȝt to be to-trede,
And of bestes devoured,
And neade ;
Ase he by-leve assayth in flesche,
He assayth ine forme of brede.

That body hyȝt hys naȝt that ther comthe op,
ȝef that a man hyȝt keste ;
For al so longe hyt hys that body,
Ase forme of brede schel leste
Ine manne ;
ȝet thaȝ the fourme of brede to-go,
That body by-lefth hȝet thanne.

And ȝyf he passeth nauȝt fram ous,
Wanne wey aryȝtt hym healdeth,
That vod hys for to take hym efte,
Ther wyle he ous so wealdeth,
For mende
Of hys dethe and hys passyon,
Ase he heth hit atte hys ende.

Of pure wete hyt mot be,
And eke of pure wyne,
Thet schel be to thys sacrement
Ryzt of the grape of wyne
I-lete;

For Jesus seyth the vygne be hys,
And eke the greyn of wete.

And 3ef mannes devocioun slaketh,
Wanne he by-healdeth,
For hyt thinkth bote other bread
An-hea3 that the prest healdeth;
By-thenche hym
Of the vertue that ther hys,
That non errour adrenche hym.

And tak ensaumple of that he kneuth,
The preciouise stone,
Tha3 he lygge amange othere y-lyche,
Me honoureth hym alone,
So swete;

Mid al thy wyl ther vertue hys,
God self ine sacrement y-mete.

Namore ne greveth hyt Jhesus,
Thane sonne i-trede in felthe,
Tha3 eny best devoured hyt,
Other eny other onselthe,
Ech screade;

3et al so longe hys Godes body,
Ase lest the fourme of breade.

And al so longe hyt hys blod,
 Ase lest the forme of wyne ;
Nauzt of fynegre kende chald,
 Ne offe water droppynge of wyne ;
 Ac trye,
So lyte water schel be me[n]gd,
That wyne habbe the maystrye.

For water self nys nauzt that blod,
 Ac hyt hys an y-lyke,
Ine folke that torneth al to Cryst,
 Ine the body of mystyke ;
 Nou, brother,
I-lef al thys ine gode fey,
For hit may no thyng be sother.

De penitencia.

Wane man after hys crystendom
 Heth auzt i-do wyth wronge,
Penaunce hyt hys a sacrement
 That men scholde fonge,
 Ande mote ;
Penaunce heth maneres thre,
Thorȝ sorȝe, schryfte, and edbote.

Thy sorwe for thyne senne, man,
 Mot be ine gode wylle,
That hy ne be nauzt ine wanhope,
 That made Judas to spylle ;
 Ac crye
Mercy to swete Jhesu Cryst,
Mid wyl to lete folye.

Draȝ into mende that hydous siȝt

Of deade men a bere,

That nadde never deade i-be,

ȝef senne of Adam nere,

Bye drytte ;

ȝet thou aȝtest hadde more hydour

Of thyne oȝene unryȝte.

Myd sucher sorȝe schryfte, man,

Wel styлле an nothynghe loude ;

For repentaunce ondeth the hel,

And schreft hyt mot out-treude,

Al clene ;

For ȝef aȝt lefth that treude myȝt,

God so thou schelt y-wenne.

Ne non ne may hym schryve aryȝt,

Bote ȝef he hym by-thoȝte

Of sennes that he beth y-do,

And hys lyf al thorȝ soȝte

To kenne ;

Ac manie dosper to the prest

Al one by-seȝe of senne.

And understand that al i-hol

Mot be thy schryfte, brother ;

Nazt tharof a kantel to a prest,

And a kantel to another ;

And thanne

Tele ȝef thou myȝt by-thenche the

Wet hou and wer and wanne.

And ȝef thou wylt, man, thorȝ thy schryft
Lat thy senne al a-drouȝe,
Ne wynd thou naut thy senne ine selke,
Ac telle out al that rouȝe,

Tys laȝe ;
ȝef thou wenst seie, and nast no prest,
Schryf the to another felawe.

Ac that ne schalt thou nevere do,
Bote the wantrokȝe of lyve ;
And ȝef thou comste to lyve aȝen,
Eft throf thou most the scryve
To preste,
That heth power to assoyly the,
Thorȝ power of the greste.

Thaȝ man on tyme i-healde be
To schryve hym a ȝere,
To schryve hym wanne he senezed heth,
Wel syker thyngȝe hyt were
And mete ;
Wald ȝef he sodeynlyche deith,
And wald he hyt for-ȝete.

For wanne man sodeynleche deith,
Hys thoȝt the sorȝe tumbleth ;
And senne onȝ schryve wanne he vor-ȝet,
Hys senne ther be doubleth
To nusȝ ;
For mytter senne that he dede,
The sleuthe hine wyle acusȝ.

Man, schryf the, and wonde none schame,
For-wy hyt hys to donne,
A lytel schame hys betere her
Thane overmoche eftsone ;
To crefte
Byvore God a domesday,
Amang al Godes schefte.

For thaȝ man moȝe i-sauved be
Thorȝ bare repentaunce,
Wanne he ne may to scryfte come,
ȝef hym valleth that chaunce,
So holde ;
ȝet ne may he nauȝt y-sauved be,
Be he hym schrive wolde.

Ther-fore thy schryfte, man, schel be
Wythoute stoneynge,
Myd herte loȝ, and, ȝef thou myȝt,
Myd thyn eȝene wepynge,
In treuthe ;
Thet ther be non ypocrysye,
Bote repentaunce and reuthe.

And ȝyf that thou to schryfte comff
Ine thyse manere to fare,
The schryft-vader that varth aryȝt
Schal be wel debonayre,
And loȝe ;
He schel wystlyche thy senne hele,
Bet thane he wolde hys owe.

3ef he the schel anoye a3t,
Hyt wyle of-thenche hym sore ;
And otherwyl anoye he mot,
Wanne he scheweth the lore
Of helthe,
Ase mot the leche ine voule sores,
Wanne he royneth the felthe.

Ther-fore 3e mote tholyen hyt,
Wythoute alle manere tole ;
And do ther-by ententyflyche,
3yf 3e wolleth be hole
To live,
And to a betere beleave goth,
3ef 3oure prest can nau3t schryve.

Te mo prestes that thart i-schryve
Myd alle y-hole scryfte,
The clenner thert azens God,
And of the more thryfte,
Nau3t nyce ;
3ef hyt ne be nau3t to thy prest
Malice ne prejudice.

Wanne man hys repentaunt i-schrive,
He scholde don edbote,
And the ferste hys that he by-fle
Chypeans of sennes rote,
Ase quances ;
He that by-fleke wel lecherye
Bi-vlekth foule continuaunce.

Edbote hys dede after god conseyl
Of gosslich medicine,
Wanne senne sor y-clensed hys,
To tholye a lytel pyne
Thet frete,
That he ne be ther-vore i-wrete
In purgatoryes hete.

Thre maner peyne man fangeth
For hys senne nede ;
Senne hys that on, that other fastynge,
The thrydde hys almesdede ;
Ac woste,
Sene hys and edbote y-set
For senne do ine goste.

For senne in flesche
Vestyng heth the flesche lothe ;
Ac elmesdede senne bet
Of gost and flesche bothe ;
For thencheth,
Thet almesdede senne quenketh,
Ase water that fer aquencheth.

To byddyng contemplacion
Longeth rede ande wryte,
To here predicacioun won
Lore and herte smyte,
And wreche,
Dedes to 3yve devocioun
To men ine holy cherche.

Knewelynge, travayl, bar-vot go,
Welle-ward and wakyng,
Discipline and lyte mete,
Thes longeth to vestyng,
And here,
Pelgrymage and beddyng hard,
Flesch fram lykyng te arere.

3eve, and lene, and conseil,
Clothyng, herber3, and fede,
Vysyty syke and prysones,
And helpe povere at nede ;
Muknesse,
For to vor-3evene trespas,
Tak dedes of elmesse.

And sene 3er thou scholdest, man,
O dedlyche senne peyny,
Ther-vore al that the prest the hast
To done schalt thou nau3t fyny ;
Ac more,
For onmeathe thys ther eny prest
That peyne set so sore.

For hy habbeth in syke of men,
Hy more sette the lesse,
And betere hys ffor te apeched be
Of more for3efnesse,
Than wreche ;
For 3yf thou to lyte peyne hest,
Purgatorye hyt schal eche.

And 3et ther hys another cas,
That prestes 3yvet so lyte
Penaunce, tha3 me telle ham
Ry3t moche of sennes wyte,
Ine mone ;
Me mot ham legge lytel on,
Other hy nolde do none.

Beter hys that hy a lyte do
Her ine obedience,
And fol-velle that remenaunt
Ine purgatoryes tense,
Eftsone ;
Nys nau3t god to vor-lete a man,
That eny yinge hys wyl bone.

The bydde ich, brother, be nau3t loth
To do penaunce here ;
For 3et ther hys here some reles,
So nys nau3t ine the vere
Areyved ;
Ne thor3 the ry3tvolnesse of God
Nys no sen omtheyvid.

Man, wane thou senezyst thre thou dest,
Thou wrethest God almy3ty,
To holy cherche onbouxam thart,
Makest thy selve onry3ty,
Thos 3e mote
Make thy pes wyth alle thre,
Sorwe, schryfte, and edbote.

Man taketh thys sacrement,
 And geth away ondigne,
 For he ne schryfth nauȝt of thet thyng,
 Bote of the bare signe,
 To wyne ;
 The signe hiis that hys boutte y-do,
 That thyng hys grace bynne.

Two thynges her wythynne beth,
 For-ȝefthe and repentyng ;
 Ac repentaunce hys signe also
 Of sennys for-hevyng,
 Certayne ;
 For so may man repenti hym,
 That ther volȝeth no peyne.

That was i-ked wel inne the thef
 Ope Calvaryes felde,
 Tho he escusede Jhesu Cryst,
 And hym gelty gan ȝelde,
 Mid sourwe ;
 He deide and come to Paradys,
 Nabod he nauȝt fort a-morwe.

De uncione extrema.
 Sacrament of aneliinge
 Nou her ich wolle telle,
 That man vangeth wane he ne wenth
 No lenge he myȝte dwelle
 A-lyve ;
 The bodyes evel that libbe ne mey,
 And sone hit mey to-dryve.

Many for defaute deithe
Of ther anelyynge ;
And 3yf hys saule after hys dethe
Soffrey harde pynynges,
In fere,
So scholde hy nau3t hedde he i-hed
Ry3t elyynge here.

For seint James, in hys boke,
Wysseth wyd gode mende,
That 3yf eny by-falthe ry3t syke,
The prest he scholde of-sende
To hys ende ;
And he schel elye hym wyth ele,
Hys savement to wynne.

Seynt Jame seythe that orysonne
Of ther holy by-leve,
Of hiis siknesse helthe wynthe,
That no fend schal reve
The helthe ;
And 3ef that he ine sennys be,
For-3eve hys him that felthe.

Thys his, brother, and gret confort
For for-3etene synnes,
That oure foman aredy haveth
A3eynys that we goth hennes,
Tatuite ;
Ac 3ef we ary3t aneleded beth,
Hy3t gayneth ham wel lytel.

And thanne hys man aryȝt aneled,
Wanne he myd wyl hyt taketh,
Myd by-leve of devocioun
And repentaunce maketh
So digne ;
And ȝyf he hyt othere-wyse fangeth,
He taketh ha bote the sygne.

For the sygne of thys sacrement
The elyyngys boutē,
That thyngge hys alleggaunce of evel,
To lyf other diath ȝef he schel loute,
And hennes,
Thar he wende that thyngge is eke
Alleggaunce of hys sennes.

And ȝet me schal anelye a man,
Thar that he lese hys speche ;
For wet he thencheth in hys mod
Ne may ous no man teche ;
Ac stronge,
He mot habbe devocioun,
Thet schel a-ryȝt hyt fonge.

Ther-fore this children eleth me nauȝt,
Ne forthe none wode,
For hy ne conne mende have
Of thilke holy Gode ;
Ac fonge
The wode mey that sacrement,
Wane reles cometh amonge.

A prest mot do thys sacrement,
For-why hyzt hys wel worthe ;
And that seyde seynt James wel,
Ther-wyle he zede an erthe,
ze hit hedde,
Tho ich a lite her alone
Thes holye wordes redde.

The matyre of this sacrement
Hys ryzt the oylle allone ;
And wanne the bisschop blesseth hyt,
Baume ther-with ne megth he none
Ther-inne ;
For baume tokneth lyves loos,
Oyle mercy to wynne.

For wanne man deithe, he let his lyf
Ther the god los by-hoveth ;
Ac senne zef he farthe aryzt,
To bi-rensy he proveth,
To oure Lorde
Mercy he cryth, and biddeth hym
Mercy and misericorde.

The wordes that ther beth i-sed,
Hyt beth wordes of sealthe ;
For hy biddeth the sike man
Of all his sennes helthe,
In mende ;
Ther-to me aneeth the wyttes fyzf,
And fezet, and breste, and lenden.

And for the lecherye syȝt
 In lenden of the manne,
 And, ase the boke ous seyth, hy sit
 Inne navele of the wymman,
 To hele,
 Me schel the mannes lenden anelye,
 The navele of the femele.

Thys beth the wordes wane me aneleth, —
 “By thisse aneliinge,
 And be hiis milse, for-ȝyve the God
 Of thine senneȝynge,
 Myd eyen” ;
 And so he seyth be al hys lymes,
 That scholle the oyle dreȝen.

Caracter thet is prente y-cliped,
 Nys non of elinge ;
 Ne furth of penaunce ne the mo,
 Nof housel nof spousynge,
 In thede ;
 For man ofter thane ones taketh
 The sacremens for nede.

De ordinibus ecclesiasticis.

Nou her we mote ine this sarmon
 Of ordre maky saȝe,
 Ther was by-tokned suite wel
 Wylom by the ealde lawe,
 To a-gynne,
 Tho me made Godes hous
 And ministres ther-inne.

God ches folkes specilliche
Hys holy folke amonge,
That was the kenred of Levy,
Offyce for to fonge,
Ase brotheren ;
For to servy ine Godes house
By-fore alle the notheren.

To segge hys Levy an Englysch
Fram the notheren y-take ;
So beth of ordre i-take men,
Ase wyte fram the blake,
Of lyve ;
Gode 3eve al y-ordrede men
Wolde a-ryzt her-of schryve.

Ase ther beth of the Holy Gost
3eftes ryztfolle sevene ;
So ther beth ordres folle sevene,
That made Cryst of hevene
An orthe ;
And hedde hys ek ine hys monheth,
Toke thou hy that were wel werthe.

The ferste hys dore-ward y-cleped ;
The secunde redynge ;
The thrydde hys i-cleped conjurement
A3enys the foule thyng
To wersiexe ;
The ferthe acolyt hys to segge y-wys,
Tapres to bere wel worthe.

The ordre fifte y-cleped hys
 The ordre of sudeakne ;
 And hys the syxte also y-cleped
 The holy ordre of dekene,
 And the greste ;
 The sevene hys and hys y-clyped
 The holy ordre of prest.

Ine the elde lawe synagoge ferst
 God let the ordres werche,
 And that was sched of that hys lyzt,
 Non wryt ine holy cherche
 I nere ;
 Ich schel telle hou hyt was ther,
 And hou hyt hys now here.

De hostiariis.

Ine the ealde lawe dore-ward
 Lokede dore and gate,
 That ther ne scholde onclene thyng
 Ryzt non entry ther-ate,
 Wel couthe ;
 So doth thes dore-wardes eke
 Ine holy cherche nouthe.

And 3ef eny other hyt doth,
 Nys hyt ordre ac i-leave,
 To helthe wane ther nede i-valth,
 Ac me ne schal nauzt reave
 The office,
 Wythoute leve to don hyt,
 Ne be no man so nice.

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst,
 Kedde wel that he hadde,
 Tho he toke Ysaies boke
 Ine the synagoge, and radde,
 Wet welle,
 Wet he ther redde thou myȝt se
 Ine seynt Lukes godspelle.

The bysschop wenne he ordreth thes,
 The redynge boke hym taketh,
 And seyth, "tak and by-come redre
 Of word that of God smaketh,
 And blyce
 Schelt hadde ase god prechour,
 ȝef thou wolt do thyne offyce."

De exorcistis.

The thrydde ordre conjurement,
 And was ine the ealde laȝe,
 Go dryve out develyn out of men,
 Fram God that were draȝe
 Alyve ;
 Thanne he mot hadde a clene gost,
 That schal the oneclene out-dryve.

The bisschop wane he ordreth thes,
 Take ham boke of cristnynges,
 Other of other conjuremens
 Aȝeyns the foule thynges,
 And seggeth,
 "Taketh power to legge hand
 Over ham that fendes op-biggeth."

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst kedde
 Wel that he hedde,
 Tho he drof develen out of men
 That hym wel sore dredde,
 The apryse
 Ine the elde leze hyt ferst by-gan
 Kyng Salomon the wyse.

De accolitis.

The ordre fer the accolyt hys
 To bere tapres aboute wizt riztte,
 Wanne me schel rede the gospel
 Other offry to oure Dryte,
 To thenche,
 That thet lyzt by-tokneth that lyzt
 Thet nothyng may quenche.

And wanne that hey ordred hys,
 The bisschop schel hym teche
 Hou he schel lokke cherche lyzt,
 And wyne and water areche,
 To synge,
 In tokne taper and crowet
 To hand me schal hym brynge.

Thet thys ordre hedde Jhesus,
 We habbeth wel a-founde
 By thet he seyd, "Ich am that lyzt
 Of alle ther wordle rounde
 Aboute,
 Wo so loketh, ne geth he nauzt derke,
 Ac lyt ine lyves route."

Ine the elde temple tokne was
 Of the ordre of acolytes,
 Tho certeyne men lyzte that lyzt,
 Ase the laze 3ef the rytes,
 So brode ;
 Of weche lyzt hys y-wryte
 Ine the boke of Exode.

De subdiaconis.

The ordre fiste sudeakne hys,
 That chasteté enjoyeth;
 For sudeakne bereth the chalys
 To the auter and aolyveth,
 Ande weldeth
 Al bare and eke the corperaus
 Onder the deakne vealdeth.

Ine the alde lawe y-hote hyt hys,
 That hy ham scholde clensy
 That there that vessel of God,
 And myd water bensy,
 By ryzte,
 Clenne schel he in herte be
 That schal the chalys dizte.

And wanne that he y-ordred hys,
 He taketh the chalys bare,
 And he a-vangeth a crowet eke,
 And a towaylle vare
 I-nere;
 For he schel honden helde weter,
 That serveth to the autere.

Tho hym with a touwayle schete Jhesus
After soper by-gerte,
And water inta bacyn
Myd a wel mylde herte,
And wesschte
Al hys apostlene veet,
Thos ordre forthe he lesschte.

De diaconis.

Nou of the sixte telle ich schel,
That hys the ordre of deakne,
Thet hys of more perfeccioun
Thane hys ordre of sudeakne ;
He bryngeth
To honde thet the prest schel have,
Wanne he the masse singeth.

Ine the ealde lawe beren hy
The hoche of holy crefte,
And nou the stole afongeth hy
Ope here scholder lefte,
To a-gynne ;
And so for thane travaylle her,
The ryzt half for to wynne.

And at ordres avangeth hy
The boke of the Godspelle,
For than to rede the gospel,
And sarmone for to telle,
To wake
Hy thet slepeth ine senne slep
Amendement to maky.

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst
 Ine hys travayle kedde,
 Tho he prechinde thet folke
 To ryȝtte weye ledde ;
 The thredde
 Was tho he wakede hymself
 The apostles for to bydde.

De presbiteris.

The sevende ordre hys of the prest,
 And hys i-cleped the ealde,
 Bote nauȝt of ȝeres, ac of wyt,
 Ase holy wryt ous tealde ;
 For ȝeres
 Ne maketh so nauȝt thane prest ald,
 Ac sadnesse of maneres.

And wanne he y-ordred hys,
 Hym falth an holy gyse,
 Hys honden beth anoynte bothe
 Thor -out a cirowche wyse,
 Tafonge
 Ther-inne Godes oȝen flesch,
 That fode is to the stronge.

He takth the helye inne of eyther half
 Y-joyned atte breste,
 Thet no god hap ne heȝi hyne,
 Ne non harm hyne don destе,
 In mode ;
 Ac thenche on hym that tholedе death
 For ous opone the roude.

He takth the chalys wyth the wyne,
 And brede of the pateyne;
 He heth power to sacry hyt,
 And thet throf hys ther seyne,
 Wel trewe;
 Inne the elde lawe the ordre a-gan,
 Ine tokne of thyssere newe.

Cryst kedde that he hys a prest
 Ryzt in double manere;
 That on tho he sacreded hys body,
 Ther he set atte sopere;
 Thet other,
 Tho he an roude offrede hys body
 For ous, my leve brother.

De prima tonsura.

To thys ordre croune bet
 Ys an apparyblynge,
 Thet hys in holy cherche y-cleped wel
 The furste scherynge
 Of clerke;
 Clerke hys to segge an Englysch,
 Eyr of Godes werke.

Ac Godes werke an erthe was
 The puple for to teche,
 And also thourȝ hys holy dethe
 Of sennes he was leche;
 Thes werkes
 Men taketh after Jhesu Cryst,
 Wanne hy by-cometh clerkes.

And 3yf hy douth wel hare dever
 Ine thysse heritage,
 Ne may hem falle after thys lyf
 Non one worth desperage,
 To wysse,
 Ryzt y-marissched schelle hy be
 Ine hevene-ryche blysse.

The croune of clerke y-opened hys,
 Tokneth the wyl to hevene,
 Thet habbe mot that entri schel
 Into eny of the sevene,
 And sedder,
 Tokneth ase he ine ordre a-ryst
 That hys the croune breddour.

Ther drof bischop hys digneté
 To maky thulke sevene,
 And hyt by-tokneth thane bisschop
 In the bisschopriche of hevene,
 So wrethe
 Was and hys the pope vicary
 I-maked here an erthe.

Thythe ordres to thys sacrement
 By ryzte longis scholle,
 And that mo be that gode beth,
 Thes maketh al that folle
 Be a-stente ;
 Therfore ich abbe ondo 3ou thos,
 For thyse sacrement.

And nou ich wolle ondo thys eft
By the wey of mystyke,
For crystene man hys Godes hous,
Hye mote habbe wyke
Ther-inne,
Nou lett ich schel onlouke thys,
Ase God wyle grace 3yve.

Thet inewyt hys the dore-ward,
The doren wyttes fyve ;
He schel loky wel bysylyche
That no lykyng in dryve.
That stenketh ;
That inwyt hys the reddere eke
That holy lore thencheth.

Thet innewyt dryfth the fend away,
Myd meende of Crystes pyne ;
Thet inwyt lyzt ther saule lyzt
Myd theawes gode and fyne,
To hele ;
Thet inwyt wescht the felthe away,
And greydeth the fessele.

Thet inwyt redeth that gospel,
Wane hyt herereth Crystes lore ;
And 3et ther-to hys charge hyt berth
Of left half swythe sore,
To abyde
After thys lyf the hevene blys,
And krefte the ryzt syde.

That inwyt hys the masse prest,
That ine the herte slaketh
Thane auter of devocioun,
Wane man hys bone maketh ;
No lesse
Nys hyt wane man stedevasst by-lefth
Sacrament of the messe.

On inwyt mey al thys wel do,
And ine the manne to werche,
Ase on may al thys ordres have
Ryt wel in holy cherche,
Ase here ;
3ef her nys suiche mynystre nou,
Thys temple stent evere.

Ther-fore ech man that crystene hys
Hys wyttes loky fyve,
And thenche opan the lore of God,
And fendes fram hym dryve,
And ly3te
Myd gode thewes al hys lyf,
And ther-to do hys my3te.

And wessche and greydy hys fessel,
And do trewlyche hys charge,
And maked offrynge of hys beden,
Myd wel to elmesse large
Thys wyke ;
By thys 3e i-seoth how eth mey do
Ine manere of mystyke.

The signe hys of thys sacrement
The bisschopes blessynge,
Forth myd the admynystracioun
That he deth atte ordynge,
And grace
Of wyt and of auctoryté,
Thet thyng hys ine the place.

De matrimonio.

Her longeth nou to thys sarmon
Of spousynge for to werche,
Thet hys the tokne of the joynnyng of
Gode and holy cherche ;
And woste
Ryzt holy cherche y-cleped hys
That holy folke ine goste.

And ase ther mot atter spousynge
Be ryzt asent of bothe,
Of man, and of ther wymman eke,
Yn love and nauzt y-lothe,
I-lyche
By-tuixe God and holy folke
Love hys wel trye and ryche.

Thanne azte men here wyves love,
Ase God doth holy cherche ;
And wyves nauzt azens men
Non onwrestnesse werche,
Ac tholye,
And nauzt onwrost opsechem hy
Ne tounge of hefede holye.

Ine wlessche joyneth man and wyf
Children to multeplie ;
And God hath taken oure flesh
Of the mayde Marye,
Wel ferren,
Ther-of springeth thet holye stren
I-lykned to the sterren.

Wel fayr thanne hys thys sacrement,
And marye was by-gonne,
Tho hyt by-gan ine Paradys
Are Adam were y-wonne
To senne ;
Ac so changede to vylenye
That stat of man-kenne.

For 3ef he hedde i-healde hym,
Ase God hym hedde y-maked,
He hedde y-brout forthe hys bearm-team
Wythoute senne i-smaked ;
Wet thanne,
3et holy stren by-tokned hys
By strenynge of the mane.

Hyt was God self that spousynge ferst
In Paradys sette ;
The fend hyt was that schente hyt al
Myd gyle and hys abette,
Wranch evel,
Spousoth scheawyth wet God ther dede,
Hourdom wat dede the devel.

For wanne man draȝth to hordom,
And let hys ryȝt spouse,
So dede Adam ine Paradys
Hys ryȝt lord of house
Of hevene,
The gode for-horede the fend
Wyth hys blaundyng stevene.

That deth that God menteyneth
Wel ryȝt spousynge her an erthe,
And ever mo schel go to schame
Hordom and thet hys worthe,
I-lome ;
Bet some wenth ligge in spoushop,
And lithe in hordome.

Ther-fore ich wylle telle ȝou
The lore of ryȝt spousynge,
That he ne take horedom,
Wanne taketh weddynge ;
Nou lestneth,
The lore al of the laȝe y-wryte
That holy cherche festneth.

Ase to God hyt were y-now
That bare assent oof bothe,
Wythoute speche and by-treuthynge,
And alle manere othe,
And speche ;
Ther mote be speche of hare assent,
Holy cherche to teche.

And 3ef the man other that wyf
 By cheaunce doumbe were,
 3ef may wyten hare assent
 By soum other abere,
 And seave,
 Hy mowe be wedded wel 3enge
 By holy cherche leve.

Two manere speches beth i-woned,
 Ther two men for to nomene ;
 That one of thyng that hys now
 That other of te comene,
 Wel couthe ;
 “ Her ich the take ” wordes beth
 Of thyng that hiis nouthe.

And 3ef me seythe “ ich wille the have,”
 And ther-to treuthe plyzte
 He speketh of thyng that his to come
 That scholde be myd ryzte
 Of treuthe ;
 Ac that ferste ne faylleth nauzt,
 That other may for sleuthe.

And 3yf another treutheth sethe,
 Wyth word of that hys nouthe,
 The ferste dede halte beth,
 Ne be hy nase couthe,
 As none ;
 Bote 3ef ther folzede that treuthynge,
 A ferst flesch y-mone.

For thet completh thet spoushod
After the by-treuthynge,
That hyt ne may be ondon
Wyth none wythseggynge,
By ryzte ;
And that hyt were her ondo,
Ryzt halt wythoute Dryzte.

And her may treuthynge be ondo
Thorwe falnesse of partye,
And for defaute of witnessynge
Wyth wrange and trycherye,
I-lome,
Me weddeth suyche and liggeth so
For than ine hordome.

Ne hyzt ne may no man ondo,
By lawe none kennes,
And so by-leveth ever-mo
Fort other wendeth hennes,
Thou wyse,
So bryngeth hem in suche peryl,
That hy ne mowe a-ryse.

Ac 3ef eny hys ine the cas,
Red ich that he be chaste ;
And 3yf hys make mone craveth
Ine leyser other in haste
Lykynde,
He mozt hyzt do wyth sorye mod,
And skyle wert wepynge.

ȝyt he mot gret penaunce do
The dayes of hys lyve,
And ȝet the more ȝef hath maked
An hore of hys wyf,
That ere,
ȝef that he hedde y-wedded hy,
A goud wymman hyt were.

For suche laze is that manye beth
Men other wymmen of elde,
Thar suche contraȝt y-maked hys
That more ryȝt prove ȝelde,
And scholle ;
And ȝet of volees thane of tuo
Hys prove to the folle.

And ȝyf ryȝt contrait ys y-maked
Wyȝthoute wytnessynge,
ȝef hy by-knoweth openlyche
Byfore men of trewthynge,
Te take,
To-gidere y-hoten scholle hy be,
Thaȝ other oft for-sake.

That hys bote hy wedded be
To othren er hy hyȝt by-knowe ;
For thaȝ hy by-knowe hyt,
Ne hys nauȝt y-helde trewe
By lawe ;
For ȝef hy were, hyt scholde be
These spousebrechene sawe.

Of ham that scholde y-wedded be
Her the age thou myzt lerne,
Thet knave childe fortene 3er
Schel habbe ane tuel thetherne,
Spousynge ;
At seve 3er me maketh may,
Ac none ryzt weddyng.

For the3 hy were by assent
Ryzt opelyche y-wedded,
And ase thyse childre ofte beth
To-gadere ryzt y-bedded,
By ryzte ;
Bot 3ef hy 3yve ine tyme assent.
Departed be y-myzte.

And the tyme is wane ather can
Other fleschlyche y-knowe,
For wanne hy habbeth thet y-do,
Ne mowe hy be to-throwe,
In saze ;
Hy beth i-cliped pukeres,
That hys a worde of lawe.

Ne no treuthynge stonde ne schel,
Wyth strenthe y-maked ine mone,
Bote ther fol3y by assent
Ryzt flesch y-mone,
Ine dede ;
For thet folvelleth that spoushoth,
Ase ich by-fore sede.

And 3yf hy bethe by assent
The thrydde treuthe leyde,
Here eyther other for to have,
Other word to asenti seyde,
Othe swore ;
3ef hy soffreth hym mone of flesche,
Hys wyfe and nau3t hys hore.

And 3ef ther hys condicioun
Y-set atter treuthynge,
3ef hyt hys goud wythoute quede,
Hyt letteth the weddyng,
Onhealde ;
Bote 3ef ther vlesches y-mone be
Fol3ynde, ase ich ear tealde.

And hit is wykked condicioun,
Covenaunt of schrewead-hede,
Ase 3ef he seyth ich wille the have
3ef thou deist suche a dede,
Of queade ;
Tha3 thet covenant be nau3t y-do,
Hy scholle hem weddy nede.

Bote that quead be a3eins spouthhoth,
Ase ich schel here teche ;
And 3ef man seyth "ich wolle the have,
3yf thou wilt be spousbreche,
Other wealde
For te destruwen oure stren,"
That treuthynge darf naut healde.

Sudeakne mey be y-wedded nauȝt,
Moneke, muneche, ne no frere,
Ne no man of religion,
Profes ȝef that he were,
To leste
Of chaste professioun
Hys solempne by-hest.

Ac ȝef man of religion,
Be hys ryt fre wille,
Over tyme of professioun
Heldeth hym thrynne styлле,
Relessed
Schel hym nauȝt be religioun,
Thaȝ he be nauȝt professed.

Ac ȝef ther were ryȝt treuthynge,
That may nauȝt be relessed ;
Ore hye into suche ordre came,
And here hi be professed,
To sothe,
Hy scholde aȝen to the spousynge,
And lete al that to nothe.

Hy that the man for-leyen hethe
Under hys ryȝt wyf,
Other ȝyf hy hosebonde heth
Ine thet spousbreche alyve,
Si dome ;
ȝet hi myȝte be wedded eft,
ȝef by sengle by-come.

Bote 3ef hy by-treuthede hem,
 Wyth worde of nouthe i take,
 Other bote hy by-speke his dethe
 In hare senvolle sake,
 To slaze ;
 For thanne scholde hy weddi nouzt,
 By none ryzt lawe.

Meseles mowe y-wedded be,
 3ef hi asenti wylle ;
 An tha3 other bi-come mesel,
 To-gadere healde hem styлле,
 To nomene;
 Bote the treuthege bare be,
 Wyth wordes of to comene.

For 3ef thet hy by-treuthed be
 With worde of nou y take,
 Other wyd wordes of to come,
 With dede of flesches sake,
 Ther, brother,
 Scel be renoveled that a-gonne hiis,
 And ayther fol3y other.

Bote the syke into a spytel-hous
 Entry ther beth museles,
 Thanne der the hole nauzt
 Ther-ine folwy hiis meles,
 Ne hiis gyfte ;
 Falthe ham nauzt in suche compaigni
 To-gadere be a nyzt.

And ine the weddyng ne gaynet nouȝt,
Thaȝ thou the other by-swyke ;
Wanne them weneth the other be hol,
And wedded thane syke,
Ne tinde ;
Ne beth no thynges bote two
That oundeth the weddyng.

That on hys, wanne he weddeth the thral,
And weneth the frye take ;
That other, wanne he weddeth one other
Thane hys ryȝte make,
By-gyled ;
The lawe of God ne senteth nouȝt
That man be so by-wyled.

And ȝyf thet one weddeth the thral,
And weneth the frye weddy,
And ȝyf a spyet that sothe throf,
And wondeth nauȝt to beddy,
Ine mone ;
ȝef he by wyl serveth that flesche,
Ryȝt partyng ne worthe hym none.

And ȝyf thy wyf hebbeth a child,
Wane thou he hest for-leye,
Ne myȝt nauȝt weddy that childe
Eft thaȝ that thy wyf deye,
By lawe ;
Ne forthe the moder thet hyt beer,
Ne woldest thou nase y-faze.

And ȝyf thou habbest so a child,
The lawe y-wryte hyt sede,
Thy wyf that his thyn oȝe flesh
Drazeth eke the godesybred,
Y-mete,
That hy ne may weddy that child,
Ne fade thet hyt bi-ȝete.

Thet ilke that y-crystned hys
Ne may weddy by laȝe
Him that hym crystneth, ne hys child,
Ne wolde nase naze,
Ac lete ;
And eke hem that hym hebbeth so,
And alle hare bi-ȝete.

And for the fader and moder
That hyne fleshlyche forthwyseth,
Gostlyche for hym by-sebbe beth,
To ham that hine baptizeth,
And heven ;
Ther-fore thaȝ hy ham wedded eft,
Ne myt so by-leven.

And ase the gossybrede draȝth
Ryȝt to ous after crystnyng,
So gossibrede draȝeth eke
Ryȝt after confermyng,
By lawe ;
That so hy moȝe hy weddy nauȝt,
Ne wolde hy nase y-naze.

More godsibrede nys ther nauȝt
Thane hys y-meneȝed here,
Godfader wedded godsones child
Fol wel, my leve fere,
No senne,
Neth man and wyf that weddeth ham,
Godfader theȝ he habbe enne.

And ȝyf a man hebbeth thy child,
And nauȝt bye thyne wyfe,
Thy wyf may weddy thane man
Wel after thyne lyve,
And libbe ;
And in that cas thou myȝt weddy
To thyne wyfes gossibbe.

And that lawe for-bode nauȝt
That man and wyf y-mene
Toe hebbe a childe, ȝet scholdy nauȝt
Honesteté so ȝwene,
Ne wette,
Schrewede tonge for te speke
For sclaunder me schal lette.

The sibbe mowe to-gadere nauȝt,
The foerthe grees wythinne;
Ne me ne scholle telle the stoke
That after hym by-genne,
To telle;
And ȝef other the fixte of-taketh,
To gare more hy dwelle.

ȝef thou myd word, if thet hys nouthe,
Aryȝt bi-treuthest one,
Other thaȝ thet bi-treuthy hy nauȝt,
And hast flesches mone,
By lawe,
Alle here sybbe affinité
To the for-than schel drawe.

And thet ine the selve degré
That hy beth here by sybbe ;
And ȝef thou weddest eny of ham,
In incese scholle ye lybbe
An erthe ;
ȝef hy y-sibbe ine degrés
Ryȝt wythinne the ferthe.

And so drawyth hy affinité
Wyth alle thyne sibbe,
Ase thou of hire sibben draȝst,
For-than thaȝ hy ne libbe ;
Wat doth hyȝt ?
Hyt deth the monyng in fleſche,
Theȝ non ne wyte ne se hyȝt.

And holy cherche y-hote heth,
Me schal maky the cryes
At cherche oppe holy dayȝes thre
By-fore the poeple thryes,
To assaye,
To sech contrait ȝef me mey
Of destorber anaye.

For erthe the banes y-gred
He that the treuthe maketh,
Farth ase he that great work by-gunth
And thanne conseyl taketh,
And tethleth;
Ac mani man that so by-gunth,
With grete harme fayleth.

And thaȝ the weddyngge were maked,
Ase hyt mytte by lawe,
ȝet hyt myȝt eft be ondo,
And eft also to-drawe,
Wet wyse,
ȝef ther ne mey nothere kendelyche
Do the flesches servyse.

Thet hys, ȝef that ere the weddyngge
Folle that ylke lette,
That other were so i-let
To do the flesches dette,
By kende;
For ȝef that lettyng velle seth,
Ne scholde hy nouȝt to-wende.

And thaȝ thet on bi-wiched be
Thanne hy to-gadere come,
That hy ne myȝte don ryȝt nauȝt,
Ne asayde nase lome,
And wolde;
ȝet thre ȝier hy abyde scholde,
To do ere hi be scholde.

And thaȝ that servyse be foul,
ȝet hyt hys tokne of gode ;
For hyȝt by-tokneth the takynge
Of oure flesche and blode
Ine Cryst ;
No stren may non encressy
Wythoute flesches loste.

And dette hyȝt hys in spoused,
Wanne the other hyȝt welde ;
For ȝyf thyt other nolde do,
Destrayned be he scholde,
Be rytte,
To do hyt ȝyf that he may,
The lawe heth the he myȝte.

And thaȝ man hath bysemer
Of seche manere destresse,
Be hem wel syker hyt hys y-do
For wel grete godnesse,
Of lyve ;
For elles nolde the laȝe nauȝt
Of suche thynges schryve.

In spoushod beth godnesse thre,
Treuthe, strenyg, and signe ;
Treuthe hys that ther no gile be
Thourwe spousebreche maligne ;
Ac, brother,
That on may spousbreche by-come,
For defaute of thet other.

That other godnesse hys strenynge,
Ther me may children wene;
And 3yf that on thothren warneth hys flesch,
Ne my3t hy naut strene
On nette,
Tho scholde that godnesse be
By-twene ham inlette.

The thrydde godnesse hys sacrament,
That hiis the holy signe
Of the joynynge of God self
And holye cherche digne,
That abayleth;
And 3yf thothren warnth hys flesch,
That sacrement hem fayleth.

By thyse thre hy mo3e i-se
Wanne hy ine flesche senezeth.
Wanne hy wythoute thyse thre
Wyth fleschlich mone megeth
Hare other other,
The more thyt doth, the wors hi beth,
And God also the lother.

Ase 3ef hy hy3t my3t wel a-come
To letten other wyle,
And lesse do hyt thane hy doth,
Wythoute otheres peryl
Ac blondeth,
And nys non ned wyth foule handlynge
Other other afondeth.

Ne hy ne wondeth messe-day,
 Ne none holy tyde,
 Ne holy stede wythoute peryl,
 Thaȝ hy myȝte abyde
 Spy felthe,
 Ther hy myȝte hyt do kendelyche,
 Onkende hys hare onselthe.

Hyt nys nauȝt aȝens sacrement
 Of God and holy cherche,
 Thay hy nolde by goud purpos
 Ine hare flesche worche
 By feld ;
 So ferde Marye and Joseph,
 By assent that clene hem held.

For they hye wolde
 In flesch by-leve clene,
 ȝet aȝeyns treuthe nere hyt nouȝt,
 Ne forthe aȝeyns strene ;
 Hou scholde hyȝt
 Aȝe gode purpos of strene,
 Bote other of ham wolde hyȝt ?

Ne hyȝt nys aȝeyns sacrement,
 By assent thaȝ hy be clene ;
 In spoushoth ȝef hy levies hem,
 And wel libbeth i-mene :
 Wytnesse
 Cryst and thys holy saulen eke,
 Al lovieth hem ine clannesse.

And 3yf bothe beth of god wylle,
And of assent an emne,
To take to religioun
And makye a vou solempne,
Hy mytte
In chastyté for evere mo
Servy oure Drytte.

And 3ef that eyther other may
Kendelyche serve,
Ne mozen hy azeins wyl to go
Er thane other schal sterve,
No sauve,
Bote 3ef that on for-houred be,
He may departyng have.

And 3ef hy so departed be,
Chastité he mote take,
So longe ase thothres lyf y-lest,
That whas hys ryzt make,
Nyst gabbe,
3ef he other thane hy for-lyth,
A3en a schel hys habbe.

Tha3 hy mysdede, 3et and he wyle
Eft a3eyn he may crave,
Tha3 ther such a departyng be,
And hiis wyf a3eyn have,
And scholde ;
Tha3 hy wythseyde hyt openlyche,
And a3eyn come nolde.

Ac understond for thet hordom
That maketh thes to stryve,
That eche hordom ne parteth nauȝt
The man al fram hiis wyf ;
Nou lestne,
ȝef the other othren so by-swyketh,
Ne moȝe hy nouȝt ounnestne.

Ne thaȝ a wyf by-gyled be
Of another by wrake,
And weneth wel to for-leye be
Of hyre ryȝtte make ;
ȝet more,
Thaȝ hy ben strengthe be for-leye,
Takth he nauȝt houre lore.

Ne ȝef thon thother profreth
Wyth any other to beddy,
And ne ȝef the on welnith this otheres deth,
And he another weddeth,
Thaȝ come ;
The make aȝen ne schelde hy be
To do for hordome.

Ac het nou ounderstand for ham
That gooth a pylgrymage,
On wenddeth, the other abyde schel,
Wet other passeth age,
By kende,
Other wat that ther be of hys death
Ryȝt god and certayn mende.

And 3yf man halt ase hys wyf
After the gelt hys spouse,
Tha3 he by hyre ne ligge nou3t,
Other halt hys ine hys house,
In tome,
Ne schal hy nau3t departed be
Fram hym for hordome.

The signe hys of the sacrement,
The treuthynge wel couthe,
Other comthey signe of thet asent
Wyth worde that hiis nouthe,
And dygne ;
Thynges ther beth her mo than on
Onder thys ylke signe.

Thet o thyng hys thet hol assent
By-tuixte man an wyf,
Wat bynding hys of the spousehoth
To helde to ende of lyf,
And, brother,
Thys ilke thyng a signe hys eke
Of thyng to-forin another,

And that thyng hys ase ich seyde her,
Tho ich her-an gan worche,
The holy joynynge of God self
And of al holy cherche,
In tome,
Of spouhoth thys aneyment
Louketh 3ou for hordome,

Tho seynt Johan ine the Apokalips
Seȝ pruveetés of hevene,
He seȝ a boke was fast i-schet
Wyth strong lokes sevene,
A wonder ;

Ne hy myȝty no man ondo
Above in hevene and onder.

And tho that seint Johan y-seȝ that,
Wel sore he gan to wepe ;
Tho seyde an angel, " Wep thou nouȝt,
Ac take wel gode kepe,
Thys sygne,
That holy lambe that slaȝen hys
To ondo hyt hys wel dygne."

Thys ylke boke the mystikys
Of these sacrementis,
That were i-schet fram alle men,
Wat God himself out sent hys,
To tounne ;
For be thou syker hy were in God,
Er than the worlde by-gounne.

For ase he wyste wel
We scholde be by-gyled,
So ever wyste he that the feend
Scholde aȝen be by-wyled,
Thorȝ Cryste ;
Ac he hyt hadde wel privé
For Saternases lyste.

Al what os com thet ilke lambe,
Jhesus that was y-slawe,
That onne schette the queynte loken,
That spek of the alde lawe,
And sevene,
So kedde out thyse sacremens
By-nethe and bove in hevene.

The ferste loke oneleke Jhesus,
Ase he wel coude and myzte,
Tho Nychodemus to hym come
At one tyme by nyzte,
To lerny ;
And he ondede hym cristendom,
No lenge he nolde hyt derny.

That lok onleake of confermynge
Ther hiis apostles leye
Slepynde tho that of ham bed
Aryse for to preye,
Amonge,
That hy ne volle into fondynge.
Ac that hye weren stronge.

The thrydde loke onleke Jhesus
Ther he set atte sopere,
Tho he sacrede hys flesche and blod,
Ase ich zou seyde hyt here,
So holde,
In fourme of bred and eke of wyn
That we hyt notye scholde.

And tho Peter in o3e ny3t
Thryes hedde hyne for-sake,
And he by-held hyne ther a-set
Ry3t atte hys pynyng-stake,
Nem kepe,
Ther he onleke penaunce loke,
Tho Peter gan vor to wepe.

The fy3te that hys elyynge,
Cryst onleke to oure wayne,
Tho hand and fet and al hys lymes
I-persed were ine payne,
Ene helede,
For al the formes of oure lemes,
Anon so be we anelede,

The syxte onleke swete Jhesus,
Of ordre nothyng orne,
Tho he a-veng for oure love
The croune of scharpe thornes ;
Wel wyde
Ondede the loke of ry3t spousynge
The wounde onder hys syde.

For ase wymman com of the ryb
Of the mannes ry3t syde,
So holyche spouse of God
Sprange of thane wonden wyde ;
Nou leste,
Hou that was hed conseyl ine God,
Sprounge hiis out at hys brest.

Nou, Lord, that coudest maky open,
 Thet no man coude oneschette,
 And canste wel schetten thet hy be open
 That none other man derte
 To hopye,
 So graunte ous thyne sacremens,
 That non errour ne ous ascapye ;
 And that we hys mote a-redy have,
 Lord, her at oure nede,
 That no deveyl ne acombry ous,
 Lord, thou hyzt ham for-bede,
 Amonge ;
 And for the tokene that we neme,
 Lat ouse thy holy dole fonge. Amen.

*Oretis pro anima domini Willelmi de Schorham,
 quondam vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes, qui composuit
 istam compilacionem de septem sacramentis.*

Pater noster, Domine, labia mea aperies, etc.

Thou opene myne lyppen, Lord,
 Let felthe of senne out wende ;
 And my mouthe wyth wel god acord
 Schel thyne worschypnge sende.

Deus, in adjutorium meum intende.

Vaderis wyt of heve an-heȝ,
 Sothnesse of oure Dryȝte,
 God and man y-take was
 At matyn-tyde by nyȝte.
 The disciples that were his,
 Anone hy hyne for-soke,
 I-seld to Gywes and by-traid,
 To pyne hyne toke.

Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicamus tibi, etc.

We the honreth, Jhesu Cryst,
 And blesseth ase thou os touȝtest ;
 For thourȝ thy crouche and passyon
 Thys wordle thou for-bouȝtest.

Oremus, Domine Jhesu Criste.

We the byddeth, Jhesu Cryst,
 Godes son a-lyve,
 Sete on crouche pyne and passyoun,
 And thy dethe that hys ryve ;
 Gode atende to my socour,
 Lorde, hyȝe, and help me fyȝte !

Glorye to the Fader and Sone,
 And to the Gost of myȝtte ;
 Ase hyt was ferst and hiis,
 And schal evere-more be wyth ryȝte.
 Bytuext ous and jugement
 That no fend ous ne schende,
 Nou, ne wanne the tyme comthe
 Thet we scholle hennes wende.
 And ȝyf the lyves mysse and grace,
 The dede redand and reste,
 Holy cherche acord and pays
 Ous glorye and lyf that beste ;
 That levest and regnest wyth the Fader
 Ther never nys no pyne,
 And also wyth the Holy Goste,
 Evere wythoute fyne. Amen.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu, etc.

O swete levedy, wat they was wo,
 Tho Jhesus by-come in orne ;
 For drede tho the blodes dropen
 Of swote of hym doun orne.
 And, levedy, the was wel wors,
 Tho that thou seze in dede
 Thy leve childe reulyche y-nome
 And ase a thef forthe lede.
 And ase he tholedethet for ous,
 Levedy, wythoute sake,
 Defende ous wanne we dede bethe,
 That noe fende ous ne take.

*Pater noster. God, atente to my socour. Lord, hyze,
etc. Deus, adjutorium meum. Domine, ad. Hora prima.*

At prime Jhesus was i-led
To-fore syre Pylate,
Thar wytnesses false and fele
By-lowen hyne for hate.
In thane nekke hy hene smyte,
Bonden hys honden of myztte ;
By-spet hym that sw... semblant
That hevene and erthe a-lyzte.

*Adoramus te, Christe. We the honoureth, etc.
Ave, Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryst.
Ave Maria, etc.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
A Gode Frydayes in orthe,
Tho al the nyzt y-spende was
In swete Jhesues sorwe.
Thou seze hyne hyder and thyder y-cathed,
Fram Pylate to Herode ;
So me bete hys bare flesche,
That hyzt arne alle a-blode.
And ase he tholedde that for ous,
Levedy, withoute crye,
Schelde ous wanne we deade beth
Fram alle feenden mestrye.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God, atende
to my socour. Crucifige, etc.*

Crucyfige ! crucifige !
Gredde hy at ondre ;

A pourpre cloth hi dede hym on,

A scorne an hym to wondre.

Hy to-steke hys swete hefed

Wyth one thornene coroune ;

Toe Calvarye his crouche ha beer

Wel reuliche ouzt of the toune.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Cryst. Ut
sancta, Domine Jhesu Christe. We the byddeth, Jhesu
Cryst. Ave Maria, etc.*

O swete lavedy, wat the was wo

Tho that me Jhesus demde,

Tho that me oppone hys swete body

The hevye crouche semde !

To bere hyt to Calvary

I-wys hyt was wel wery,

For so to-bete and so to-boned,

Hyzt was reweleche and drery.

And also he tholed that for ous,

Levedy, a thysse wyse,

I-schelde ous, wanne we dede beth,

Fram alle fendene jewyse.

*Deus, in adjutorium. Gode, atende to my socour.
Pater noster. Hora sexta.*

On crouche y-nayled was Jhesus

Atte sixzte tyde,

Stronge theves hengen hy on

Eyther half hys sede.

Ine hys pyne hys stronge therst

Sthanchede hy wyth zalle ;

So that Godes holy lombe
Of senne wesche ous alle.

*Adoramus te, Christe. We the honoureth, Jhesu
Cryst. Oremus, Domine Jhesu Christe. We the
biddeth, Jhesu Cryst. Ave Maria, gratia plena.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
Tho thy chyld was an-honge,
I-tached to the harde tre
Wyth nayles gret and longe !
The Gywes gradden, "com adoun,"
Hy neste way y mende,
For thrau ha thole to be do
To deth for mankende.
And ase he henge, levedy, for ous,
A-heye oppon the hulle,
I-scheld ous wane we deade ben,
That we ne hongy in helle. Amen.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God, atende
to my socour. Lord, hyze, etc. Hora nona.*

Atte none Jhesu Cryst
Thane harde death felde ;
Ha grade "Hely" to hys fader,
The soule he gan op-zelde.
A kni3t wyth one scharpe spere
Stange hyne i the ry3t syde ;
Therthe schoke, the sonne dym by-come,
In thare tyde.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Cryste.
Domine Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryste.
Ave Maria, gratia plena, etc.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
Tho Jhesus deyde on rode !
The crouche and the ground onder hym
By-bled was myd his blode.
That swerde persed thyne saule tho,
And so hyt dede wel ofter,
That was thy sorwe for thy child,
Dethe adde be wel softer.
And ase he tholed thane deth,
Levedy, for oure mende,
Schulde ous wane we dede beth,
Fram deth wythouten ende. Amen.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God, attende
to my socour. Lord, hize, etc. De cruce deponitur.
Hora, etc.*

Of the crouche he was do
At eve-sanges oure ;
The strengthe lefte lotede ine God
Of oure Sauveoure.
Suche death a under-zede,
Of lyf the medicine,
Alas ! hi was y-leyd adoun
The croune of blysse in pyne.

Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Crist.

*Ave Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryst.
Ave Maria, gratia plena.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
Tho Cryst was do of rode !
For ase a mesel ther he lay,
A-stouned in spote and blode,
For-bere wepyng ne myzt hy
That seze al hou thou weptyst ;
Al hy the seze of hym bloody,
So ofte thou hine by-cleptyst.
And ase he tholed the fylthe,
For felthe of oure sennes,
Helpe ous, levedy, we clene be,
Wanne we scholle wende hennes. Amen.

*Pater noster, etc. Deus, adjutorium. God, attende
to my socour, etc. Lord, hize, etc. Hora complectorii.*

At complyn hyt was y-bore
To the beryynge,
That noble corps of Jhesu Cryst,
Hope of lives comynge.
Wel richeleche hit was anoynt,
Folfeld hys holy boke ;
Ich bydde, lord, thy passioun
In myne mend loke.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Crist.
Domine Jhesu Christe. We byddeth, Jhesu Cryst.
Ave Maria, gratia plena : etc.*

O swete levedy, was the was wo,

And drery was thy mone,
Tho thou sei3e thy lefe sone
I-bered under the stone !
That thou wýstest thour3 thy feyth
A-ryse that he scholde,
A drery fayth hyt was to the
That he lay under molde.
And ase he was four ous y-bered,
And a-ros thourwe hys my3tte,
Help ous, levedy, a domes-day,
That wey a-ryse mytte the, levedy brytte.
Amen.

Thyse oures of the canoune,
Lord, mone3e ich the wel fayre,
Wyth wel gre3t devocioun
A reyson debonayre ;
And ase thou tholedest lor forme
Ope Calvaryes doune,
So acordaunt to thy travayl,
Lord, graunte me thy coroune. Amen.

De decem preceptis.

The man that Godes hestes halt,
And that myd gode wylle,
And nau3t one by-fore men,
Ac both loud and stille,
Meche hys the mede that hym worthe,
By so that he na drylle ;
3ef he hys breketh and so by-loefth,
Hys sauylle schal he spyllle.
3ef thou hys halst man, God the seithe,
Ha wole be the so kende,
He wole be fo to thyne fon,
And frend to thyne frende.
Hye the mys-doth, ham wyle mys-do,
And have thys ine thyne mende ;
Hys angel schal to-forthe go
To wyte the fram the fende.
Thyne sustenaunce thou schel have,
Thy3 nau3t a-lyve delyce,
Ac mete and clothes renableliche,
And lyf ine herte blysce.
Tha3 folke the heelde a nice man,
Ther-fore nert thou nau3t nyce ;
I-likned worth thy gode loos
So swete so the spyce.
Thef the that art a crystene man
Wel hy healde by-falleth,
Syker thou my3t be of that lond
Thar melke and hony walleth,

That hys the blysse of hevene above,
Thar holy soulen stalleth ;
Ine glorye ther none ende nys,
Ne none swetnesse appalleth.
To wyte thanne wat God haȝt,
Is eche man wel y-halde,
Throf ich may telle ase ich wot,
Ase other men me tealde,
And ase hyt hys in holye boke
I-wryten ine many a felde ;
Lestneth to mey *par charyté*,
Bothe ȝonge and ealde.
O thyngge hyt hys al that God hat,
Bote a-two he hyȝt dyȝte,
And that hys love, man, syker thou be,
To lovye wyth thy myȝt.
Thou ert y-helde, man, ther-to
Bye skele and eke by ryȝtte ;
Thou thenke her-on *par charyté*,
By dayes and eke by nyȝtte.
Thys love God heth y-diȝt a-tuo
Amange hiis hostes alle,
The ferste hys for to lovye God.
By-falle what so falle ;
Seththe to lovye alle men,
So brothren scholde ine halle,
Wythouten byternesse of mode
That hiis thare saule galle.
The man that healdeth thys two,
Of charyté the heastes,

Al he folveth the lawe of Gode
And prophetene gestes.
Ac lasse love ther hys wyth men
Thane be wyth wylde bestes,
That doth that manye y-schodred ben
Fram hevene-ryche festes.
Ten hestes haveth y-hote God,
Ase Holy Wryt ous tealde,
O the two tablettes of ston
Wyth hys fynger bealde.
He hys wrot Moyses by-toke
Wylom by dazes ealde,
To wyse man hou schal wel
These ten hestes healde.
In ston ich wot that he hys wrot,
In tokne of sykernesse,
That we that wole y-saved be,
The more and eke the lesse,
By-hoveth that he healde hy
Wyth al hys bysynysse.
Allas ! feawe thencheth ther-on,
Th..... a wykkednesse.
Yet o table hedde thry
Of thyse hestes tene.
The thri longeth to love of Gode,
Ase hyzt schel wel be sene ;
The seven longet to love of man,
That none scholde wene,
Ine thother table sete tho
To-gadere and al y-mene.

Honury thou schelt enne God,
Hym one to by-knowe ;
Take nauzt hys name in ydelschepe,
Wyth ydel wynde to blowe ;
Halze thou the masse-day,
Ase he comthe in the rewe.
In these thre the love of God schewy hit,
Were hyt hys to sewe.
Worschipe thy fader and moder eke ;
Ne brynge no man of lyve ;
Do the to none lecherye,
Thaȝ the foundyngge dryve ;
Wytnesse vals ne bere thou non ;
Of thefthe thou ne schryve ;
Coveyte none mannes wyf,
Ne nauzt of hys for-stryve.
Thys bethe the sevene that love of man
Schewe what hyȝt be scholde.
ȝef eny man fayleth eny of thys,
Nys hyȝt bote an on holde ;
Ac al to fewe lovyth ham,
And wylleth that other wolde.
Alas ! wat schal be hare red,
Wanne hy beth under molde ?
Ac many man desceyved hys,
And weneth that he hys helde ;
And weyneth that he be out of peryl,
Other ine senne so schealde,
That hym ne douteth of no breche
Of Godes hestes healde,

Ac he not nefer wat hy beeth,
Ne never hy ne tealde.
I-wryte hyt hys, ich telle hyzt the,
Ine the boke of Wysdome,
That eche man scholde conne hy,
And rekeny wel y-lome,
And that hy nere nauzt for-3ete,
Wane othere thouztes come.
Tys fynGRES scolde man bynde hy,
For doute of harde dome.
For mannes honden and hys fet
Beret tokene wel gode
Of alle the tenne comaundemens,
That man thyt onderstonde.
Ten fynGRES and ten thine tone,
Of flesche and bon and blode,
Tokneth that thyne workes ne be
A3eyns the hestes for broude.
3et som man hiis that passioun lyche
Can telle hy myd the beste,
Ac me hys dedes nares he,
Ase he nauzt of hem neste.
And 3et hym thingth that he beth wel,
And for to come to reste ;
Ac al desceyved schel he be,
Wanne cometh the grete enqueste.
Here-fore nys hyzt nauzt y-nou3
To telle hy ne vor to conne,
And telle and werche wel ther-by,
Thanne hys hyzt alle y-wonne.

For wel to conne and nauȝ no don,
Nys nather rawe ne y-sponne ;
Lytel hiis worth bote hyt endy
Wel thyngge that hiis wel by-gonne.
They hyt be wel lyttelyche y-sed,
The ferste heste a-rowe,
For to honoury anne God,
Hym one to by-knowe,
Thenche thou most wel bysyly,
And thy wyȝt thran by-stowe,
And bydde hym that thou hyt mote do
Wel myldelyche a-knowe.
For thou ne myȝt hytte nefere do,
Man, wel wythoute grace ;
So heth thys wordle bounde the
Wyth here lykynges
Ther-fore the by-hoveth Godes helpe,
That he hyt wolde arace,
So that thou ne teldest no worth
Of blandynge face.
For ȝyf thy wyl rejoith more
In enyes kennes thynges,
Be-hyȝt the childe, other thy best,
Land, brouches, other ryngeth ;
Other aȝt elles, wat so hyt be,
Bote yne God that hys kynge of kynges,
Thou ne anourest naȝt God a-ryȝt,
Ac dest is onderlynges.
By-lef thou in no wychecraft,
Ne ine none teliinge,

Ne forthe inne none ymage self,
Thaȝ that be great botninge ;
Bote as al holy cherche the tek,
Thou make thyne worthyngē.
For Gode nele nauȝt that thou hyt do,
Bote by there wyssyngē.
Thanne asay thyn oȝe thoȝt
By thysser ylke speche,
And ȝyf thou annourest God a-ryȝt,
Thyne inwit wyle the teche,
And ȝyf thou fynst that thou ne dest,
Amende, ich the by-seche ;
Thou ert a sot, and myȝt do bet,
And so siȝst yn the smeche.
That other heste apertelyche
Schewed mannes defaute,
Wanne he aldey swereth ydelleche,
In kebbynge and in caute.
Mechel hys that he maketh hym
Her efterward to tenty,
Wenne he schal hys acountes ȝyve
Of ech idel sente.
Thenne ne couthe ich nanne red
Of thylke acountes oure,
Nere the milse and merci of God self
Oure alder auditour,
That wolle the arerages for-ȝeve,
ȝef hyt hys to hys honoure.
Ac cesse, man, of thy ydelschop,
Other ich wole out wel soure.

The thrydde heste apertelyche
Scheweth wyth wykked rote,
Wanne thou halst thy masse-day,
As God hyt hath y-hote ;
Ac werkest other werke dest
Werkes that beth to note,
The wykkede ensample that thou zefst,
Thou abeyst, ich the by-hote.
And that thou ne werche nauzt,
Ac gest to pyne gloutynge,
Other in eny other folke
In pleye of thretynge.
Thou halst wel wors thane masse-day,
Thane manne myd hys workynge ;
Thare-fore to the al y-holliche
That day to holy thyng.
The feste heste scheweth the
That thye senne schal slethe,
3yf thou rewardest thyne eldrynges nauzt
A-lyve and eke a-dethe ;
That were wel besy to brynge the forthe,
As hy myzten onnythe,
3yf thou hy gna3st and flag3st eke,
Ryzt hys that fendes fleathe.
Nauzt nys thys heste y-hote of God
For suche eldren allone ;
Ac hys of mannes eldren eke,
Ase he tezt atte font-stone.
Ther holy cherche thy moder hys,
And fader in Cristes mone ;

3ef thou ert onboxom to hyre,
Grace of God ne worthe the none.
The fyfte heste scheweth the
That thou ne schalt nau3t smyte,
Ne nau3t ne mys-segge ne mys-do,
Ne nau3t foules he atwyte.
For ofte the mannes sie3te aryft,
Were man hy3t weneth wel lytel;
And he that spilleth mannes lyf,
Venjounse hyt schel awyte.
And 3ef ther hys man-slez the pur,
As ous telleth holy boke,
3yf eny man for defaute deyth,
And eny hym for-soke
To helpe hym of that he may,
Hys lyf to save and loke,
Her dere 3er acuseth fele,
That God and arthe touke.
And 3et seint Johan the wangelyst
Al into mende drazeth,
He that hatyeth eny man,
He seche that he hym slaze.
Manye suche man-slez then beth,
That al day men for-gnazeth,
And sweche beth in helle depe
That develen al to-draweth.
The sixte heste scheweth wel
The sothe to al mankenne,
The dede y-do in lechery
Hys ry3t a dedleche senne.

And elles nere hyzt nauzt
For-bode amange the hestes tenne ;
The that seggeth hyt nys nauzt,
So hare wyzt hys al to thenne.
Her hys for-bode glotenye,
So ich the by-hote ;
For ich norysseth lecherye,
Ase fer the brondes hote.
And thaȝ ther be alone lomprynge
In lecheryes rote,
Al hyt destrueth charyté,
Wyth wrake and wyth threte.
The sevende heste schewed wel
Man schal be true in dede,
That no man abbe of the otheres naut,
Thorȝ thefte wyckerede.
For al hys thefte that man teȝt
Myd wyl of wymynghede,
Aȝens the ryzt aȝeres wyl,
So lawe y-wryte hyt sede.
Thanne hys hyt a thef, wo so hyt be,
That manne god so taketh,
Be hyzt by gyle other mestry,
Other wordes that he craketh.
In londe suche his many a thef
That y-now hym maketh ;
He wenth by chere of jugement,
Ac helle after hym waketh.
The eȝtende heste the for-bed
The ffalse wytnessynge ;

And that hys, man, syker thou be,
Alle manere lesynge
To hermy in body man,
Other in hys other thyng,
Other in hys saule, and that hys worst,
In peryl for to brynge.
Al hyt hys senne that me leȝth,
Bote that men leȝth for gode;
Ryȝt deadlyche senne nys that nauȝt
For myldenesse of mode.
Ac elles, man, al that thou legst
Is deathlich and for-brode,
Tho thet hyȝt useth, ich wot hy beth
Unwyser thane the wode.
Alas ! onnethe eny man
That thyse hestes healde;
Alle hy beth y-torned to lesynge,
Thes ȝonge and eke thes olde.
Ther-to hys mentenaunce great,
That maketh hy wel bealde;
Do ȝe nauȝt so, *par charyté*,
Ac ȝoure tongen ȝe wealde.
The nezende heste the for-bed
That wyl to lecherye;
And to spousbreche nameleche,
That so meche hys to glye,
Thanne nys hyt nauȝt one dealyche
Swych dede to complye,
Ac ys that voule wyl also
To swyche fylenye.

The tethe heste the fo[r]-bet,
Wyl tou other manne thyng,
For that desturbet charyté,
In onde man to brynge.
Defendeth 3ou, for Godes love,
Fram alle wykked wyllunge;
For suche wyl hys for dede i-set
In Godes knelechyng.
Nou ich 3ou bydde, for the blode
That Jhesus blede on the rode,
That into herte taketh thys two
To 3oure soule fode;
And fozeth nau3t in thys wordle
The vyle commune floude,
That fleuth into the fendes mouthe;
And so seithe Jop the gode. Amen.

[*De septem mortalibus peccatis.*]

Senne maketh many thral,
That scholde be wel fry ;
And senne maketh many fal,
That he ne mote i-thy.
Senne bryngeth man a-doun,
That scholde sute a deys ;
Senne maketh storbylon,
Thar scholde be godes peays.
Senne maketh by-wepe
That som man er by-loȝ ;
Senne bryngeth wel depe
That hym wel hyȝe droȝ.
Senne hys swete and lyketh,
Wanne a man hi deth,
And al so soure hy bryketh,
Wane he venjaunce y-seth.
Senne maketh nywe schame,
Thaȝ hy for-ȝete be ;
And senne bryngeth men in grame,
Thar er was game and gle.
And senne maketh al the who
That man an erthe hath ;
And bryngeth mannes saule also
In helles voule breth.
And they man be fram helle y-wered
Thourȝ repentaunce here,
ȝet ne may nauȝt some man be spared
Fram purgatories fere,

That he ne schel soffry ther hys who,
As he hiis here atenkt,
And her nys fer namore ther-to,
Thanne hys fer dereynt.
Ac purgatorie and helle hy beth
So lyte by-leved,
That what somevere men telleth,
Beth throf al adeved.
Hem wolde douty more
A lytel pyne her,
Thane havi wolde al that sore,
And on y-sely fer.
Ac hwo sez ever eny
That hedde of senne glye,
For bond other for peyne,
That he ne changede hys blye,
Wyth schame and eke wyth schounde,
Wyth sorze and eke wyth who,
And that was ked in londe
By some nauzt fern ago.
Thanne ich may wyssy ase ich can,
I miself thaȝ ich be spreth,
That bote thou wylle wondy, man,
Thy pyne after thy deth,
Wonde the sorze that hys her,
Folgende after thy queed,
And zet the tyt the lasse fer,
Whanne the falth to be dead.
Whanne thou scholdest seneȝy,
By-thenche, leve frend,

And thaȝ thy flesch the meneȝy,
The wordle other the fend,
By-thenche hou schort hys the lykyng,
And hou the schame hys stronge,
And hou thou weryest thane kyng
Of hevene wyth thy wronge.
Thiȝ man mo ȝo thorȝ hys resone,
Y wote, wanne he mys-deth ;
ȝef ther by-hoveth greȝt sarmone
To hame that lewed bethe ;
For feawe of ham conne the skele
Hou senne aboute cometh,
And that acombreth swythe fele
That none kepe nometh.
Ther-fore thys tale rymeth
Hou men in senne beth,
And hou senne by-lymeth
Than that to senne hym deth.
Ther-fore neme ȝe kepe
Al hou the senne syt,
That ȝe ne falle to depe,
For wane of ȝoure wyt.
Nou lyst hou man hys bounde
Wyth senne swythe stronge,
And hou he bereth death wounde,
And fenym thare amonge.
The wonde swelth an aketh
So doth the naddre stenge,
And gret and gretter maketh,
And felthe make threng.

I-wounded was mankende
After that hy was wrozt,
Thor3 the neddre the feend,
That hy heth al thor3 souzt.
Thorwe the fenym of senne,
That al mankende slakth,
Nes non nou that kenne
That that fenym ne taketh.
And that fenym was ferst y-kast
On Eve and on Adam,
And so forthe thenne hyt her y-lest,
Ase kenne of 3erneth yne man.
So hyzt nys nauzt senne lyas,
That child that haveth lyf,
Y-bore other onbore was,
Bote crystnyng breketh that stryf.
Oryginale thys senne hys cleped,
For man of kende hyt taketh syn ;
Ryzt so hys al mankende a-merred,
Thor3 the route of fenym.
That doth that mannes body y-bered,
Nys bote a lyte slym.
Her-uppe y-tho3t hath meny a man,
And i-sed many a foul,
That onwyslyche God ous by-gan,
And hys red was to coul,
That let man to suich meschyf,
That myzte hyt habbe undo.
Ac 3ef thou wolt by gode lef,
Thenche thou namore so.

Ne velthe hyt nouzt to clypye azen,
We soeth wel hyt hys thous;
God to atwyte oure won
No longeth nothyng to ous.
For we dysputeth azeyn hym,
Concluded schel he be,
Dispute nauzt, ac kepe nym,
Wo thart and who hys he.
Wat helpth hyt the crokke,
That hys to felthe y-do,
Aze the crokkere to brokke,
Wy madest thou me so?
The crokkere myztte segge
Thou proud erthe of lompet,
Ine felthe thou schelt lygge,
Thou ert nauzt elles nezt.
Ryzt so may God answerye the,
Wanne thou hym atwyst,
Wat helpthe hyt so wran to be,
Wanne thou wyth Gode chyst?
Do nauzt so, ac mercy crye,
That the tyde wors;
For suiche al day me may y-se
Encresseth here cors.
Ac be thou wel, man, be the wo,
Of gode ne tel thou nauzt lytel;
For syker be that he let do,
He let hyt do wyth ryzte.
Swech ryzt scheaweth wyth
God above, the hyzt be hyd fram the;

Thenche namore for Godes love
So heze pryveté.
Ac thench thou nart bote esche,
And so thou loze the;
And byde God that he wesche
The felthe that hys in the.
And thyȝ thou lange abyde,
Ne atwyt hym nauȝt thy who;
Ac tyde the what by-tyde,
Thou thenke hym evere mo.
And so soum grace the by-tyde,
Ac elles the hy for-gest;
For God wythstondeth hym that chyt
And aze God wrest,
Ase he wythstent the prouden,
And myld grace sent
To libbe amange the louden,
Wenne other beth i-schent.
Nou we seeth wel hou hyt ys
Of thane oryiginal;
Nou lest ou man do amys
Thorȝ hys oȝene gale.
Thys senne cometh nauȝt of thy ken,
Ac thyselſ ech del.
Tho seggeth thys leredemen,
And clypyeth hyt accuel.
Thys manere senne nys nauȝt ones,
Ac hys i-schynt in thry,
In thouȝt, in speche, in dede amys,
Thys may ech man y-sy.

He that ne thynketh nauȝt bote wel,
And speketh and doth al ryȝt,
The man hys sekere of accuel,
Ac he hys here so bryȝt.
Ho hys he that al beth wel,
The thoȝtes that he kakthe?
And who hys that spoke scheal
A-ryȝt al that he speketh?
And wo hys he that al newe deth
Wel al that he deth?
No man, no man, ac niȝt and day
Thys men by-soyled beth,
So as hy beth men ase we seeth
Wyth sennes al thorȝ therled,
Many ys the senne that me doth,
In tal the wyde wordle.
Of senne ich wot by thyse sckyle,
That ther hiis wel great host;
And for the fend i-mut so fele,
Ther-of hys alle hys host.
And he arayeth hare trome
As me areyt men in fyȝt;
For he sykth gode theawes
Some aȝenes ham y-dyȝt.
And ase God dyst theawes
In alle gode men,
The feend arayeth the schreawes
In wykken ther-aȝen.
Thys hys that fyȝt an erthe
That al wynth, other lest;

And ase the fyzttere hys worthe,
The cheveteyn hym chest.
Ac cheveteyn of senne
Ich wot that the fend hys ;
For wyse and alle kenne
Arayes hys amys.
And ase there in bataylle
O kynge bereth the beeth ;
Soe hyt were a gret faylle,
3ef the host were eni he3.
Ther-fore me maketh prynses
The host to governi ;
And ase who welen the linses
To-gadere heldeth hy.
And ase al that hys here
By sove dazes geth ;
Of senne alle manere
Seve develen prynces beth,
That thene certeygne,
That Cryst kest out hyt seyth,
Of Marie Maudeleyne,
That goospel that ne weyth.
The ferst pryns hys prede,
That ledeth thane floke,
That of alle othere onlede
Hys rote and eke stoke.
For nys non of the syxe
That hy ne cometh of thane,
For myx of alle myxe
In hevene hy by-gan.

Prede suweth in floures
Of wysdom and of wyt,
Amang levedys in boures
The foule prude syzt;
Under couele and cope
The foule prede lythe;
Theȝ man go gert wyd rope,
ȝet prede to hym swyth.
Prede syzt under ragge,
Wel cobel and wel balgth,
That ketheth wordes bragge,
And countenaunces ȝaldeth.
Nys non, thaȝ som myt wene,
That some prede ne taketh;
Ne none so proud, ich wene,
Ase he that al for-saketh.
For who hys that nevere set hys thouȝt
And erthe to be hyȝ?
Who hys hit that never y-thouȝt
Of pompe that he seȝ?
Who yst that never nas rebel
Aȝenis hys soverayn?
Who hist that be-nome schel,
And nabbe non agayn?
Who hyst that nevere godlich nas
Wanne chaunce at wylle come?
Who yst that wanne he preysed was,
Never at heȝ hyt nome?
Who hyst that never thoȝte
He scholde honoured be,

For dedes that he wroute
Wanne menne hyzt mytte se?
Who hys that never ho3the dro3
To-ward hys that was?
Ho hys never ne kedde wo3
In boste to hys sugges?
Ho neth wyth pompe y-schewed hym
3et other thane he was?
Nou ypocresy kepe nym
Regneth, hyt nys no leas.
Ho yst that never was y-blent
Wyth non surquydery?
That hys wanne a proud man
Heth y-ment other thane hyt schel by.
Wo that never ne dede thous
He wole prede by-flez?
3ef that kebbede eny of ous,
Ich wo3t wel that he le3.
The man the hym wole afayty
Of prede that hys so he3,
Fol wel he mo3t hys weyti
Bothe fer and ne3.
For 3ef he let to nothe
That he ne awayteth hy,
Ich segge hym wel to sothe,
That ryzt proud schel he be.
For prede hys a senne of herte,
And bounté scheweth hy,
Wyth kebbynges aperte
And weddyngge manyable.

Thorȝ dedes of bostynge,
And atyr stent and say,
And other suche thynges
That men usyeth al day.
That other feend of onde
Hys pryns and chevetayn,
That senne hys ryf in londe,
And nauȝt hys hyre wayn.
For sorwe he heth of gode,
And harme hys hyre blysse ;
Ine here pryncy mode
The hert walt al thys.
Thys senne hys over nyce,
Ac holde schal hy be,
The senne of meste malice
Aȝeyns charyté.
Wanne love hys here preye,
Al for to confundy,
And wyl het to by-traye
That wolde gode by.
Onde hys a senne of herte,
And bounté scheweth hy,
To harmy and to herte
Wanne hey deth bacbyty.
Wanne hy holdeth hy werches
That god and hende beth,
And othere southe plocches
Scheweth wat onde deth.
The thrydde senne hys wrethe,
That so meche hys i-telde,

Hyt maketh blod and broche
About the herte aneld.
Wanne manne neth nauzt hys thouse
To wylle and also thynthe,
He compasyth venjaunce
To hym that azen clenketh;
And so hyt fret and hys y-frete
Evere megreté,
And wanne hy het to meche hete,
Hyt letteth charité.
Inne herte hys thys sennezinge,
And bounté scleweth mod,
Thor3 cheste and mys-doynge,
And wythdrawynge of god.
Covetyse hys the furte,
I-lyche dropesy,
Wanne al that hys an erthe
To hyre hys al besy.
And hou hy habbeth hy verkth,
And mannes herte by-set,
Fram Gode and so thanne name y-kezt
Servise of Mamenet.
That hy by herte senne
zet boutte schentth hy
To mochel amange mankenne,
Thor3 wrange and trycherye,
Thor3 zeskyngge efter gode,
Thor3 bor3 and zemer zelde,
Thorw wrechydnese of mode,
And never more ful-felde.

The fyfte senne hys sleuthe
Of that man scholde do,
Hye breketh god treuthe
Wyth God and man also.
Wanne man leteth adrylle
That he god 3elde schel,
And for-slaggyth by wylle
That scholde men to stel.
Of herte cometh thes senne,
And schewe boutte also,
Hou hy letteth mankenne
Of that scholde by do.
Hyt hys thorwe besynesse
That men for-slewyth hyt;
And other wyle thorȝ ydelnesse
God dede em do for-slyt.
Glotonye hys the syxte,
And hys me ine flesche y-do;
And lecherye the nyxte in flesche
Hys senne also.
Ac glotonye entythyth
To lecherye her,
Ase that hy norysseth
Hote brondes thet fere.
Of glotonye hys foure,
The boke speketh openlyche;
To meche fode devoury;
And to lykerouslyche;
An do to freche to fretene,
Wanne men hiis tyme heth;

And out of tyme to hetene,
That none siknesse neth.
Of lecherye cometh
Wreche, foule speche, and foule delyt,
Commune hordom,
Spousbreche, incest, and sodomye.
And hys incest wyth kenne
The lecherye so ;
And sodomyt hys senne
Azens kende y-do.
By-feld beth men in sleauthē,
Ase glotonye hyt bryngeth ;
And ofte hyt doth moni kepe,
That man wakyngē thencketh.
Ac 3ef evyl hyt come nau3t
Dealyche senne next,
Ac hou hyt falleth y-lome ne3,
Ech man nau3t y-wyst.
Thyse manere sennes sevene,
Ase he hys here i-se3eth,
Me letteth men fram hevene,
And al dedlyche hy beth.
Wanne hy y-thou3t beth other y-speke,
Other y-don in stat,
A3e the lawe of God to breke
The hestes that he hat.
Of alle the sennes tha ther beth,
Thos bereth that los ;
For everech senne that me doth
Longeth to some of thes.

Her-by thou myȝt, man, y-seo,
 And hou here ende hys sour ;
 Nou loke her-in *pur charité*,
 And make hyt thy myrour.

*Oretis pro anima domini Willelmi de Schorham,
 quondam vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes, qui composuit
 istam compilacionem de septem mortalibus peccatis. Et
 omnibus dicentibus oracionem dominicam cum saluta-
 cione angelica quadraginta dies veniæ a domino Symone
 archiepiscopo Cantuariæ conceduntur.*

MECHE hys that me syngeth and redeth
Of hyre that al mankende gladeth,
I-bore was here on erthe ;
And they alle speke, that speketh wyd tonge,
Of hyre worschype and murye sounge,
3et more he were worthe.

Thyse aungeles heryeth here wyth stevene,
Ase he hys hare quene of he[ve]ne.
And eke hare blysse ;
Over al erthe levedy hys here,
And thor3out helle geth here power,
Ase he hys emperysse.

Cause of alle thyse dignyté,
Thor3 clenness and humylyté,
Was Godes owene grace ;
Wer-thor3 he ber than hevene kynge,
Worschype hys worthy ine alle thyng
Ine evereche place.

Al that hys bove and under molde,
Hou my3t hyt bote hyt bowe scholde
To hyre owene mede ;
Wanne he that al thys wordle schel welde,
To hyre worschipe hys y-helde,
For here moderhede.

Al thyse maydenes wythout bost
Hy bereth God in here goste

In hare holy thouzt ;

Ac hy wythoute mannes y-mone
In body and nauzt in gost alone

To manne hyne broute.

Of hyre that hys thos dygne of take,
Hou myzte ich of hyre songes make,

That am so foul of lyve ;

And thou me bede, soster, synge,

And alle into one songe brynge

Here swete joyen fyve.

To segge that ich hyt maky can,

That am so oneconnende a man,

Dar ich me nauzt avanty ;

Ac tryste ich wolle to oure levedy,

And maky hyt ase hyt wyle by,

And ase hy hy wolde me granty.

As man me hys by leave y-seth,

Joyen of hyre so fele ther beth,

Ne may hyt no man telle,

Ase hy hath of hyre leve sone,

Hyt passeth al mankendes wone,

And out of mannes spelle.

Four manere joyen hy hedde here

Of hyre sone so lef an dere,

Wytnes opan the Godspelle ;

And al cometh ofte the blysse,
That hye heth nou wythoute mysse,
So stremes of the welle.

The wylle that hys in paradys
Fol wel by-tokneth thys avys,
Wyth here stremes foure,
Thet orneth out over al that londe,
Nys never erthlyche man that fond
Hou fele come of the stoure.

Thys wulle hys God self man by-come ;
Of hym thys joyen beth alle y-nome,
And alle ine nout maner.

The furste was wyth concepcioun,
Tho the angel Gabryel come a-doun
Ine stede of messenger,

To brynge the tythyng by-fore,
That Cryst of hyre wolde by bore,
Mannes trespas to zelde ;
For to brynge ous out of helle,
Wo mytte thenche other telle
Wat joye ther y-velde.

In Nazareth the ryche toun,
Ave Maria was that soun
Of Gabrieles stevene ;
Tho was that mayde was y-gret,
And wyth a present wel a-geet
Fram vader oure of hevene.

So he was ine hyre y-come,
For fleasch and blod of hyre to nome,
Ase the angel hyre seyde ;
Ne hy of mannes mone neste,
Ne hy ne breke nau3t hyre by-hestē,
Ac evere clene a mayde.

Seynt Johan the Baptyst onbore,
Tho hy spek hys moder by-fore,
Ine joye he gan to asprynge ;
Elyzabet wel that aspyde,
Hou aspylede onder hys syde,
And made hys rejoyynge.

More encheyson hadde oure levedy
Joyous and blythe for to be,
Wythoute prede and boste ;
For in hyre selve hy hyne fredde,
Fol wel hy wyste hou hyne hadde
Thor3 self the Holy Goste.

Joseph kedde that he was mylde,
Tho that he wyste hy was wyth chylde,
Awey he wolde alone ;
Ha nolde nau3t he were a-slawe,
Ne forthe y-juged by the lawe
To by stend wyth stone.

Ac Joseph was wel blythe aply3t,
So to hym cam the angel bry3t,
To segge hym wat he scholde ;

Wel blyththere myȝte be that may,
That was y-conforted al day
Wyth aungeles wanne hy wolde.

In thyssere joye we scholde by-louken
Al hyre joyen of vourti woken
The wylest he ȝede wyth chylde ;
Of hyre hyt was god game,
Ther-ine thet unicorn weks tame
That erthange was so wylde.

Thet other joye of hyre y-core,
Was of Jhesus of hyre y-bore
A Crystesmasse nyȝte,
Wythoute sorȝe, wythoute sore,
And so ne schal ther nevere more
Wymman wyth childe dyȝte.

For so hy hyne scholde ferst a-vonge,
Ther nys no senne ther amonge,
Ne noe flesches lykyng ;
Ther-fore of hyre y-bore he was,
Ase the sonne passeȝt thorȝ the glas,
Wyth-uten onopenynge.

In suathe-bendes hy hyne dyȝte,
Ase hyt hys the chylde ryȝte,
And ȝef hym melke to souke ;
Thaȝ hyt were thustre of nyȝt,
Ther nas wane of no lyȝt,
The hevene gan onlouke.

Out com an aungel wyth great loom
Into the feld of Bedleem,
Amonges the schoperden,
Te telle that Cryst was y-bore,
Ther come singinde ther-fore
Of angeles manye verden.

Thanne sede he swythe wel,
Gracia plena, Gabryel,
And that hys fol of grace ;
Wanne glorie of hyre hys fol above,
And pays i-grad for hyre love
Of angeles in-place.

The oxe and asse in hare manyour,
Tho that hy sezen hare creature
Lyggynde ine hare forage,
Alone knowynge thaȝ hy were,
Hy makede joye in hare manere,
And eke in hare langage.

Ope the heȝe eȝtynde day
He onder-ȝede the Gywen lay,
And was y-circumcysed.
Jesus me clepede hyne ther-vore,
Ase aungeles er he were y-bore
Hys eldren hedde y-wysed.

Mochele joye hy aspyde,
The kynges thre that come ryde
Fram be easte wel i-verre ;

Gold, myrre, scor, were here offrynges,
That he was lord and kyng of kynges
Wel by-toknede the sterre.

Tho that he scholde y-offred be
In the temple domini,
Ase laze 3ef the termes,
Symeon the olde man gan crye,
And spek of hym fur prophecie,
And tok hym ine hys earmes.

Tho 3e was bote twelf wynter ald,
And he3he ine the temple he seat wel bald,
And tha3 he speke smale,
Many man wondrede on hym there,
For to alle clerkes that ther were
He 3af answer and tale.

A-lyve vertu was hys childehode,
And so he com to hys manhode;
Ine flom Jordanes syche
He was y-crystned, the hevene onleake,
The Fader of hevene doun to hym spake,
The Gost com colvere y-lyche.

To thyssere joye longye scholle
Alle the joyen that hyre folle,
Of hyre chylde God,
Fram than tyme he was y-bore,
For al mankende that was for-lore,
For he deyde one the roude.

The thrydde joye that com of Cryste,
Hadde oure levedy of hys op-ryste
Fram deathes harde bende,
Out of the sepulcre ther he laye,
Ase hyt fel thane thrydde daye
After hys lyves ende.

Wet joye of hym myȝte be more,
After suiche sorȝynge and swyche sore,
Ase hye y-seye hine feye,
Thanne i-size hyne come to lyve aȝen,
And everest more a-lyve to ben,
And nevere eft to deyȝe?

That he was lyf and strengthe and myȝte,
And that he kedde on Estre nyȝtte,
Al ine the dawyynge,
Altha was an erthe-schoke,
And hevene above undertoke
Hys holy uppe-rysyng.

Thar doun come aungeles whyte ine wede,
And that he was a-ryse hy sede,
And hare sawe was trewe ;
That he ne laye nauȝt under molde,
For to asaye ho so wolde,
Thane ston hye over-threwe.

Thaȝ that he ine hys manhoth deyde,
Dominus tecum that a seyde,
Tho the aungel here by-redde ;

That hys to seggene Godes myzte,
Ine ryzte sothe hyt moste sitte,
That godhoth wel hyt kedde.

Nedde oure levedy thyse blysse alone,
Ac al hyre frendes in hyre mone,
So meche was here the more ;
For more hys blysse god and clene,
Amonge frendes to habbe y-mene,
After sorzyng and sore.

O that hy were blythe, tho hye were sizen,
So glorious a-lyve wyth hare ezen,
Thet hy y-seye er in paygne ;
Furste aschewed hym wyth a fayre chaunce,
To here thet hys ensample of repentaunce,
Marye Magdaleyne.

And so hygeye hyne Peter and sothenes hy alle ;
And ther Thomas of Ynde a kowes y-falle
Cropped hys holy wounde ;
Thare he fond flesche and blod myd the bones,
An nou he gan to crye loude for the nones,
“ My Lord ich abbe y-founde.”

Houre Lord hym answerde in thet cas,
“ Thou levedest, for thou seze me, Thomas,
That thou me haddest y-founde,
Ac, Thomas, ich the telle, y-blessed hy beth,
Tho that on me by-leveth and nauzt me seth,
Ne gropyeth none wounde.”

To thyssere joyen scholle be y-leyd
Alle the joyen that moze be y-seyd,
Ine wyttes other in mende;
Fram Crystes resurreccioun,
Wat cometh hys ascencioun,
At fourty dazen ende.

Ne for the joye telle ich may,
That fel opou the Holy Thoresday,
Opon a mounte yne heze;
He sez Jhesus and othere some,
Of flesche and blod of hyre y-nome,
Op into hevene steze.

Al ine joye was hyre mende,
So hy seze here and oure kende
Jhesus, hyre leve sone,
Into the blysse of hevene sty,
To agredy worthy scholde hy be
At hyre assumpcioun.

And zet ne were hyt nozt y-noz,
One to agredy hyre looz
And hez ine hevene blysse;
Ac oure also, hyt nis non other,
For he hys oure kende brother,
That leve we to wysse.

Ine hym ne schalt hyt nauzt lang be,
That we to hym ne scholle te,
Wanne we scholle wende hennes;

Ac schel on ous, that beth onkende,
Ne draȝeth nauȝt hys love to mende,
And wretheth hyne wyth sennes.

And ȝet he hys milde, and sparyeth some,
And ase he wente op he wole come
A domesday wel bryȝte;
For to crye manne dede,
And after dede ȝive mede,
And jugement to ryȝtte.

Betere red nys ther non here,
For to be Crystes y-vere,
And hyȝ ine hevene blysse;
Bote folthe of senne to by-vly,
And bydde God and oure levedy,
That hy ous helpe and wysse.

For hyre poer nys nouȝt y-lessed,
Ac toup alle othren hys y-blessed,
Sothe wyf and mayde;
Ase that Godspel telleth ous,
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Elizabeth hyt sayde.

Al here joyen a lok Sounday,
And alle the that me aspye may,
That hyre and erthe felle,
Al fram Crystes ascencioun,
Al wat comthe hyre assumpcioun,
To thyssere lounȝy schelle.

The fyfte joye of oure levedy,
Not erlychman hou hyt may by
 Ne ther-of more aspye,
Bote that the gloriouse beerde,
Out of thyse world the gloriouse ferde
 Wyth greate melodye.

Eve couth to the man hys thes figure,
For the offyce of hyre sepulture
 Was al an hevene gyse ;
And toller hys inan to hevene speche,
Thane be abest, thaȝ man hym teche,
 Reyson and mannes wyse.

Ther-fore nys ther-of naut y-wryte,
For man ne mot nouȝt her y-wyte
 Wat hys so heȝ a stevene ;
Ac holy cherche der wel by-knowe,
That hy ne tholedede none deathes throȝe,
 That lower that lyf of hevene.

Hyt hys y-wryte that angeles brytte
To holy manne deathe alyȝte
 Her an erthe leye ;
In holy boke hys hyt i-nome,
That God hymself a wolde come,
 Wanne hy scholde deye,

Ther-bye we mowe wel y-wyte,
Thaȝ ther he nauȝt of y-wryte,
 That Cryst hymself was there ;

Myd hym of hevene the ferede,
The eadi levedy for to lede,
Most here no fend offere.

Hy wente uppe, my leve brother,
In body and soule, hyt nys non other,
For Cryst hys god and kende ;
That body that he toke of hys ozen,
Hou mytte hyt ligge amange the lozen,
Wythoute honour and mende.

Thanne ich dar segge, mid gode ryzte,
That alle the court of hevene a-lyzte
Attare departynge ;
And Cryst hymself azeins hyre com,
And body and saule op wyth hym nom
Into hys wonyynge.

That hy hys quen, ase ich er mende,
Here grace hy may doun to ous sende,
Hire joye to fol-velle ;
Ich hopye hy nele nauzt let ous spylle,
For he hys al to hyre wylle
Of joye that hys the welle.

For of hyre wombe he hys that frut,
Were-of thes angeles habbeth hare dut,
And men hare holy fode ;
Elizabeth hy sede thys,
Et benedictus fructus ventris
Tui, Jesus the gode.

Of songe hys to then ende y-brout,
Ase thou hest, soster, me by-sozt,
Ase ich hene myztte frede.

Now synge and byde the hevene quene,
Thet hy ous brynge al out of tene
At oure mest nede. Amen.

*Oretis pro anima Willelmi de Schorham, quondam
vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes.*

MARYE, mayde mylde and fre,
Chambre of the Trynyté,
One wyle lest to me,
Ase ich the grete wyth songe ;
Thaz my fet onclene be,
My mes thou onder-fonge,

Thou art quene of paradys,
Of hevene, of erthe, of al that hys ;
Thou bere thane kyng of blys,
Wythoute senne and sore ;
Thou hast y-ryzt that was a-mys,
Y-wonne that was y-lore,

Thou ert the colvere of Noe,
That broute the braunche of olyve tre,
In tokne that pays scholde be
By-tuexte God and manne ;
Swete levedy, help thou me,
Wanne ich schal wende hanne.

Thou art the bosche of Synay ;
Thou art the rytte Sarray ;
Thou hast y-brouzt ous out of cry
Of calenge of the fende ;
Thou art Crystes ozene drury,
And of Davyes kende.

Thou ert the slinge, thy sone the ston,
That Davy slange Golye opon;
Thou ert the 3erd al of Aaron,
 Me dreye i-se3 spryngynde;
Wytnesse at ham everechon,
 That wyste of thyne chyldyng.

Thou ert the temple Salomon;
In the wondrede Gedeon;
Thou hest y-gladed Symeon,
 Wyth thyne swete offrynge
In the temple atte auter ston,
 Wyth Jhesus hevene kyng,

Thou ert Judith, that fayre wyf,
Thou hast abated al that stryf,
Olofernes wyth hys knyf
 Hys hevede thou hym by-nome;
Thou hest y-saved here lef,
 That to the wylle come.

Thou ert Hester, that swete thyng,
And Assever, the ryche kyng,
They heth y-chose to hys weddyng,
 And quene he heth a-vonge;
In Mardocheus, thy derlyng,
 Syre Aman was y-honge.

The prophete Ezechyel,
In hys boke, hyt wytnesseth wel,
Thou ert the gate so stronge so stel,

Ac evere y-schet fram manne ;
Thou erte the ryzte nayre Rachel,
Fayrest of alle wymman
By ryzte toknyng, thou ert the hel
Of wan spelled Danyel ;
Thou ert Emaus, the ryche castel,
Thar resteth alle werye ;
Ine the restede Emanuel,
Of wany speketh Ysaye.

Ine the hys God by-come a chylde ;
Ine the hys wreche by-come myld ;
That unicorn that was so wyld
Aleyd hys of a cheaste,
Thou hast y-tamed and i-styld
Wyth melke of thy breste.

Ine the Apocalyps sent Johan
I-sez ane wymman wyth sonne by-gon,
Thane mowe al onder hyre ton,
I-crouned wyth tuel sterre ;
Swyl a levedy nas nevere non,
Wyth thane fend to werre.

Ase the sonne taketh hyre pas
Wythoute breche thorȝout that glas,
Thy maydenhod onwemmed hyt was
For bere of thyne chylde ;
Now, swete levedy of solas,
To ous senfolle be thou mylde.

Have, levedy, thys lytel songe,
That out of senfol herte spronge;
Azens the feend thou make me stronge,
And 3yf me thy wyssynge;
And tha3 ich habbe y-do the wrange,
Thou graunte me amendynge.

*Oretis pro anima domini Roberti Grosseteyte quon-
dam episcopi Lincolnæ.*

IN holy sauter me may rede,
Hou God thourwe the prophete sede,
Davyd, y-wysse,
That fol in hys herte sede,
Ther nys no Gode, dar man nauzt drede
To don amys.

Thesse hyt hys, so hyt hys grete doute,
That thare be woxe of thare route
Mani and fole,
That weneth ryt wythoute mysse
That ther nys God ine hevene blysse,
Ne lelle pool.

That eny soche be crystene man,
God for-bede, and nauzt for-than
Wey soeth al day,
That menye y-crystnedde were
Fareth ryt ase hy nere
Nauzt of the fay.

And manye of ham that beth so fele,
That thaȝ me godne scele hem telle,
Nauzt hyȝt ne ganth;
Aȝen hy clappeth thys and that,
And manye of ham not nevere wat,
Ne wat he menth.

To sechen hyt hys wel lytel prys,
Reyson to telle thet hys y-wys,
Ac lete ham be ;
For bote hy take a betere fay,
Atte last hy goth to schame a-way,
Me may hyt see.

Ac 3ef thou wenst, man, that errour,
That thare ne be no Sauveour,
Ne other lyf,
And hyt be for defaute of lore,
Lest now wat ich segge more,
Wythoute stryf.

And 3ef thou [be] y-lered man,
And onderstant 3et al for-than
No God ne be,
Ich acsy the a questioun,
And ase hyt longeth to reysoun
Andswere thou me.

The erthe hys hevy wythoute wylle,
That wey y-seoth and by al styлле
To gonne throp ;
What hou fareth hy that hy nasynketh,
Ase here kende were hyt thenketh,
Ho halt ys op ?

Her-to me seyth, and heth y-sed,
To healde hy op hyt nys no ned,
Ne nevere nes ;

For chisel gravet stones harde,
Ande here depnyssse ryzt doun-warde
Hys endeles.

Thaȝ that be fals, me may aspye,
By wytnesse of philosophye,
And clerkes fele ;
And fals ich may hit provie wel,
Ther hyt hys ned, and were ich schol,
By thysse skyle.

The sonne and monne and many sterren
By easte aryseth swythe ferren,
Ase ham y-worthe ;
By weste hy grendeth alle thyse,
And cometh aȝen ther hy a-ryse
A under forthe.

Thos myȝt wete wel, wo so wolde,
The wolkne by-clepth al the molde,
And so hyt doth ;
Ne may hy nauȝt thanne be endeles,
That thos be go so hys and was,
An that hys southe.

Ac saye ryzt thos, and ich afowe,
That everech man hyt moȝt alowe,
That reson hent,
Hyȝt hys a myȝt of alle myȝtte,
That halt op therthe and sterren bryȝte
Aboute i-trent.

Thys ilke mytte, for hyt wel may,
Bryngeth forthe a wyt of swete aray,
Thet no swech nys ;
For al that hys an heȝ and loȝe,
Hit schift and ditteth ase hys oȝe,
And so hyt hys.

Wat maketh sonne, mone, and sterren
To certeyn go aboute and ferren,
And faylleth nouȝt ?
Hyt mot wyt and wysdom neade,
Thet of the mytte thet ich er sede
Hys forthe arazt.

Nou thou sixte wel hou hyt syt,
Thys ylke myȝte and eke thys wyt,
In oure boke ;
The mytte hys fader of our crede,
Wysdom the sone, for wyttihede
That he forth toke.

Ever was thys ylke myȝtte,
And ever worth, bye gode ryte,
Ne say nauȝt nay ;
Hou mytte hyt and eft by-gynne,
Thet nede neth of none gynne,
Ac al do mey ?

And ase hyt hys by-fore y-nome,
Thaȝ that wyt of the mytte
By kende wey ;

That wyt was evere natheles,
The myȝtte nys never wytles,
Ne by ne may.

Her-to acordeth oure fay,
That holy cherche neȝ eche day
Wel merye syngth,
Ine a song ofte by note,
Quicumque vult thet hys y-hote,
Ryȝt ase me singeth.

For ther hyt of the Vader seyth,
And of the Sone to-gadere leyth,
In boke y-set ;
The Sone hys of the Fader alone,
Engendred nauȝt, y-mad of mone,
Nes othe wat.

Folye hyt hys to meche to thynche
Of the engendrure and thynne adrenche
Of Fader and Sone ;
So ase hy bethe, ever were,
And sothe by-ȝete nevere nere,
Elles me wone.

Ac nauȝt forth than that hyt be soth
Holy cherche to wytene doth,
We wyten hyt wel ;
I-lef hyt, other thou ert by-caut,
For ho that nele by-leve hyt nauȝt,
To helle he schel.

And thelke Sone 3et natheles
Ry3t ase the Fader hys endeles,
Ase my3t and wyt ;
3ef ever was, ever was sone,
For bethe reysoun and eke wone
Aloweth hyt.

Nou we habbeth Vader and Sone,
Ase hye beth ry3t ine persone,
And thancheysone ;
Wat may the Holy Gost nou be,
Persone thrydde in Trynyté,
Nou herkne reysone.

Thou sixt thet al that farth a-ry3t,
Be hyt thyster, be hyt ly3t,
To acord hys wyve ;
For 3ef ther were weyre above
Amange the sterren, and no love,
Al hy to-dryve.

And bote a truwe love come
Of thare my3tte and tha wysdome,
Ne my3t hyt by ;
And ry3t of ham he moste come,
For wer-of elles te be y-nome
Can non y-sy.

Ever to lef that love were,
For my3tte and wysdom never nere,
Wythoute acord ;

For 3ef acord hem hedde y-faylled,
Ar ayder other hedde asaylled
Wyth wykked word,

Hou scholde my3tte maky wrake,
Other eny descord onder-take,
Wyth e3e wyt ?

So nest ac ever weren hy,
Thanne moste love ever by,
Nou thou sixt hyt.

Thys love hys self that holy spyryt,
Ther-to acordeth holy wry3t,
Ine thylke songe,
That ich was embe oure faye,
That holy cherche singeth a-daye
At pryme longe.

The holy of Fader ryche,
And of the Sone of other y-lyche,
So he for-comthe,
Nother by hete ne forthe i-wro3t
Of a3t that hys, ne forthe of nau3t,
By lawe hyt nometh.

And ever was that holy spyry3t,
That ylke songe wytnesseth hyt,
And more ther-to ;
That hy schal by and hys and was,
That Fader of hevene ry3t endeleas,
And Sone also.

get our by-leave wole onder-gon,
That thyse thre beth ryzt al on,
And nys no wronge ;
Thaȝ hy be ine reyson dyvers,
O God hyt hys, and stent in vers
Ine thulke songe.

Thaȝ myȝte, wysdom, and eke love,
Hy thre by ase ich sede above
Divers ine worke ;
Ine hem self o God hy beth,
Nys non that aȝt elles y-seth,
So god clerke.

And natheles ofte hy beth y-blend,
Thyse clerkes wyth here argument,
Ande gynneth lye ;
Hare aȝe wyt hys hym by-kecheth,
That God so sotylleche secheth,
That syt so heȝe.

The Fader hys God, for he may alle ;
The Sone hys swete, for he wot alle,
Wythout crye ;
The Gost hys God that oneth al ;
ȝet ne beth hy bote o God al,
Nauȝt Godes thry.

Thaȝ myȝtte be to the Fader y-leyd,
And wysdome of the Sone y-seyd,
And love the Goste ;

3et beth hy thre of one my3tte,
Of one wytte and love ly3tte,
Thor3 faythe hyt wost.

Nou thou syxt wel that encheysone
Of oure by-leve, and eke reysone,
Thet o God hys ;
3ef thou thenkest forther hou hyt may be,
Go nau3t to ni3 hys majesté,
To thenche a-mys.

Nou hys al thys by skele ondo,
And by leave alegged ther-to,
That God hys he ;
Now we moste y-wyte more
Of thyse wordle some lore,
How hy3t may be.

Fader, thy worldle ever were,
Other a some tyme nere,
And tho by-gan ;
Everte mytte hy nau3t by,
Ich schal the telle reyson wy,
Sothe ase ich can.

For Godes my3tte ande eke hys wyt,
And eke hys wylle to soffry hy3t,
So were wo3 ;
For 3e hys almytty, ase ich er sede,
Al wys and wyl ine godhede,
That hys y-no3.

Ac 3ef he nedde thys world y-wrou3t,
And my3te and couthe and dede hy3t nou3t,

Hyt were a-mys ;

Ac hys almy3tty hys of suche entaylle,
And hys almytty hou mytte hyt faylle,
Of thet god hys.

He made hyt al, nys hyt non other,
And that of nau3te, my leve brother,

He made hys werke ;

For er he a-gounne hys worke so merye,
Nas nother fourme ne materye,
Ne ly3t ne derke.

Ne acombrenau3t thy wyt and mo,
To meche to thenche hou hyt was tho,
Hyt nau3t worth.

Hou man hyt my3te wete ich not,
For so to wytene ase God hyt wot,
Comest thou nau3t forthe.

Ac some mey acsy, war God was
Tho nothyng of the worlde nas
Ne great ne smal ?

Ther the worlde hys nou was he,
And 3et he hys and ever schal be,
I-hole over al.

He hedde nede of none gynne,
Ne 3et hou neth, to wonye ynne,
Thou kepe nym ;

3ef the faly throf to be aposed,
Sey God nys nau3t in ther worldle a-closed,
Ac hy hys ine hym.

Tha3 hy nabbe ende ne forthe gol,
3et over al he hys y-hol,
Wythoute crede;
Nau3t o del here, another there,
Ase great body as hyt were,
That al by-3ede.

Thou wost he may by y-tho3t of me
Alle y-hollyche, and eke of the;
Wel betere ich ply3te,
He may by wel ine dyvers lo3,
Ry3t al at ones, wel y-no3,
That deith hys my3tte.

Thyse wordle he made, as ich er sede,
Al ase hy hys ry3t nou ine dede,
And lo3 and he3;
Ine the gynyng of holy wryt,
Hou he hy made ry3t ther hyt sy3t,
Ich hyt y-se3e.

Ine dazes sixe he made hyt ry3t,
Hevene and erthe and wolkne bry3t,
Thet water to dy3t;
Tren and gras and erthe dre3e,
Sonne and mone and sterren grey3e,
That beth so bry3t;

Fozeles, fisches ine the depe,
Bestes, wormes for to crepe,
And a-last man ;
So that hyt was god and sad,
Al thys world that was y-mad,
Of hym that cam.

Al hyt was god, wythoute lake,
Hard and nesche, wyte and blacke,
And al that was.

Nedes Godes creature
Moste be ryzt by nature,
Al sennes led.

3ef quead so were of Gode y-nome,
By ryztte he myztte be wythnome,
Ryzt ase a qued.

Ther-fore ne myzte he nauzt do wrothe,
Ac schrewadnesse beth hym lothe,
And hys for-beade.

And thesse God self hyt for-beade,
Wannes cometh forthe al that quead,
So meche ther hys ?

And wel to donne apanyeth neawe,
Ac hym apayneth many a screwe
To do amys.

That God hyt soffreth, hou meny hyt be,
Seththe of so great myztte hys he,
Thet 3ef ha wolde,

He myȝtte vor-do that hys quead,
And lete ous libbe, and nauȝt be dead,
Hyt thingth ha scholde.

Leve brother, ȝef he so scholde,
By the syker that he so wolde,
Ac he hyt nele;
Ich kan the telle reyson wy
He let y-worthe quead to by,
Nou harkne skele.

That alther-ferste that god schop,
That was hevene, ther nys no wop,
Soth for to telle;
For he hyt made of swyche aray,
For alle manere blysse and play
Ther to folfelle.

Ac o blysse hys nys nauȝt folfeld,
War-fore that hevene hys al y-dueld,
And ȝet nou werth;
Ac ich schel telle wat hys that blysse,
And so we scholle wyte to wysse
Hou quead cometh forthe.

ȝef the by-falthe avencement,
Of ȝef the that the was y-ment,
Wel blythe art thou;
And ȝef the falleth to be eyr
Of a regne mechel and fayr,
More hys thy prou.

Ac nys no blysse ne no feste
A3eyns the joye of conqueste,
Thet hys thor3 god ;
Ne mey me more joye aspye,
Thane wanne a man thor3 pur mestrye
Keth hys manhod.

And to great defaute hyt were,
3ef no joye of conqueste nere,
So merye hys hy.
Nou sixt thou thanne mytte beste,
How joye that cometh of conqueste
Mot neades by.

Nys grypt stryf wythoute queade,
And ther conqueste hys, stryf hys neade,
And som y-schent.
Thanne nys hyt to God no wrang,
To soffre queade the gode amange
To advancement.

For 3ef quead nere in none thyng,
Ther nere stryf ne contekyng,
Ne no wythsey ;
And 3yf stryf nere ne victorye,
So scholde ine hevene that glorye,
Ac hyt ne mey.

Ther-fore ther hys a mastrye schreawe,
Wyth hym mo beth and thet nau3t neawe,
And neades mote ;

For he hys heaved of schrewednesse,
 Ase God hys cheaf of alle godnesse
 And alle bote.

Hou mytte schreaudnesse by,
 Bote scherewen were by,
 That hy ferst thouzte?

For God ne dede no quead in dede,
 For al was god, ase ich er sede,
 Al that he wroute.

Thes ilke screawe so hys hyzt barn,
 That into helle God at arn
 Ferst for hys prede;

Ac God hyne makede fayr y-no3,
 Bryzt ande schene and he3est in lo3,
 Ferst ine hys dede.

Ac are he were y-mad parfyt,
 Ase Gode soffrede hyzt,
 He waux wel proud;
 He wolde sette hys sete ryche
 Of north half, and be God y-lyche,
 To be alowed.

And so he werry ferst by-gan
 Wyth Gode ine hevene, and 3et te than
 Other wel fele,

Wyth hym that helde wyth alle myzte,
 Angeles that God hedde y-mad bryzte,
 Ine alle wele.

Thys by-ganne schrewednesse,
 Op an heȝ ine hevene blysse,
 The ferste day ;
 Hyȝt moste neades for the glorye,
 Elles hedde y-faylled fycorye,
 Ac hyt ne may.

Shur (Ac alle hy weren y-dryven out,
 Wyth Lucyfer that was so stout,
 Thorȝ Godes myȝtte ;
 Hy that ne hylde wyth the left,
 Stale woxe that nevere eft
 Sene ȝy ne myȝtte.

Tuo skeles beth that me may wyte,
 That none nere y-mad parfyte
 Ine hevene ferst,
 Er the bataylle y-ended was
 By-twexte God and Sathanas,
 That now hys worst.

O reyson was for angeles gode,
 That chose a-ryȝt and faste stode
 At thylke dede ;
 For that hy scholde thorȝ pur coqueste
 Habbe joye evere to leste
 For hare mede.

That other reyson was for the devel,
 That he schal to mys-wende hys chevel,
 Thorȝ hys malyce ;

So that folveld were the glorye,
And hym seelf thorȝ noble victorie
Lys al hy blysse.

ȝef hy heade be mad parfȝt,
We nedde y-haved ryȝt no profȝt
Ine hevene above ;
Nou schal man be in hare loȝ,
Ande habbe joye and blysse y-noȝ,
And pes and love.

And seththe hyt moste[n]ides by,
Thet sothe schrewen were hy,
Ase gode hyt mente ;
Hou yst thet hy ine helle slabbeth,
And thare tou none grace nabbeth
To repente.

Suppose here hys o justyse,
God and truwe in alle wyse,
And wys of rede ;
And dampneth theves for to ordeyne
Peys in londe, nauȝt so weyne,
Ne for quoadhevede.

Suppose he that schel hem spylle,
And hongeth hy wyth grete wylle,
And hys wel glad ;
Ne he neth reuche of hys eny Cryste,
Thaȝ hy nevere of thef the neste,
Thes hys a quead.

For that he hys manslez the pur,
Of wylle of mysaventure,
To spylle blod;
And he that mente hyt that justyse,
Hys to preysy in thysse wyse
For hys wyl god.

So thou sixte that me may dyzte
Quead for gode, and that wyth ryzte,
And so me deth.
And hy that doth hyt ine deade,
Wyth hare wyl of schrewedhede,
Dampnable beth.

Thos moze we wel by reysoun scheawe,
That thaȝ God soffrede such a schreawe
Al for to spylle,
Hyt was for gode, ase ich er sede;
And Lucyfer, in hys mys-dede,
Was wykke of wylle.

And thare-vore dampnable he hys,
For he was to don amys
Tho that he myzte;
And God soffred that ylke dede,
For god come throf, ase ich er sede,
As God hyzt dyzte.

Ne hyt nys of god ne malyce,
Theȝ he hym soffrede lasse hys blysse,
In alle hys wele;

Al that he thorȝ hys grace myȝtte,
Habbe y-don hym wilni that ryȝtte,
Now harkne skele.

Hyt ou by-come ine eche place,
ȝef echynge hadde y-lyche grace,
To joye and blysse;
And ich mey ȝyven, and eke wythdraȝe,
Al that myn myn hys by gode laȝe,
Wythoute malyce.

Ne may nauȝt thanne God also
War he wyle hys grace do,
And eke wyth-draȝe,
ȝef he wole, wythout malyce,
And wythoute alle manere vyce?
Nys nys god laȝe?

ȝes, y-wys, god laȝe hys,
Thet hyt be al ase hys wyl hys,
Hyt wyle wel by-come;
Nys non that conne dyȝte hyt bet,
Al thaȝ hyt thenche wel ou net,
Hys wyl to some.

Ther that God wyle grace ȝyve,
Ever to libbe hyt mot leve
Ine savement;

And thar he wyle wyth grace wythdraȝe,
Nys nauȝt malyce, ac hyt hys laȝe
And jugement.

Ac wy he graunteth grace to one,
 And soche and otheren grauntyeth none,
 Segge ich ne kanne;
 Bote thet hys hys pryveté
 Of hys domes in equityé
 Wyth wel to thanne.

For ther nys nouzt of thysse wylle
 Her to jugy, ac be we styлле,
 We beth y-lete;
 For Davyd ous to wyten deth,
 In boke, that Godes domes beth
 A groundlyas pet.

For hys ne may no wyt areche,
 Bot tho thet hym self wyle teche,
 He scheawyth hy;
 And the hevele hy beth pryvé,
 Al that y-ordeyned beth he
 Mot neadys by.

Thus the devel y-dampned hys,
 And wyth hym also that beth hys,
 Develen wel mo;
 For that the grace of God hym faylleth,
 Moche hys the pyne that hem eyleth,
 And eke the who.

Wy hy ne mowe, ase ich er sede,
 Wel repenty of hare mys-dede,
 Lest enne skele,

*Luthe
nicht allen*

*Luthe
Galen*

That ich schal segge, ase ich can ;
Mo beth at thet longy te man,
Ne beth nauzt fele.

Swythe fayr thynges hys that wyte,
And ther by-syde bloke alyte
Wel y-dryzt ;
The wyte the vayrer hyt maketh,
And selve more hyt blaketh,
And al hyt hyzt.

The wyser man, the wyser soneth ;
Ther thet menye foules dremeth,
And no reysone ;
The merrer hyt hys ine batayle,
Thet insykth al the vomen faylle,
And falle a-doun.

Thys lykynges hys for hevene blysse,
That leste schal wythoute mysse,
Ase evere mo ;
Thar hys so meche the more merye,
The develys that me nauzt ne derye
And helle also.

Hy thet ther beth so more y-sy,
Wat peryl ascaped bey hy,
And be the blythere ;
So that folveld the joye nere,
Bote evere helle pyne were
And thrynne withere.

Ac wo beth werther for to by
Ever in o helle, thane by
 Ther sech gelt hys ?
Thenne mey be wel thys skele,
Thaȝ grace fayllth ham to wole,
 No wonder nys.

And ase angeles the faste stode,
For hever eft by-come gode,
 And glad and blythe ;
Ryȝt develen for screawedhede
Ever ine force scholle brede,
 And wrethe and nythe.

Ac tho hy hedde ine hevene y-topped,
Wy nedde hy be ine helle y-stopped
 For evere mo,
Ac nauȝt her in thys myddelnerde,
For to maky men offerde,
 And to mys-do ?

For tho hye weren out y-cached,
And ouȝt of hare loȝ arached,
 For hare senne ;
We moȝe weten hyt wel y-nou,
That ase ydel was hare loȝ,
 That hy weren ynne.

And one by comeleche thyng hyt were,
ȝeȝ eny boȝ ther lothy were
 Servynde of nouȝt ;

Thar-fore God made mannes schefte,
That ylke loȝ al for to crafte,
As God hyȝt thoute.

Ac manne ne mytte nauȝt the glorye
Crefte wythoute victorye,
My leve brother ;
For ȝef he nadde hyȝt thorȝ conqueste,
Folfeld ne mytte be hys feste,
Al ase another.

Thare-fore God made hym god and wys,
And mayster over al paradys,
Ac nauȝt parfyt ;
For o trou thynne God for-bead,
Ase he nolde nouȝt be dead,
Nauȝt take hyt.

And god reyson was that hevere
Nauȝt parfyt ase other were
To-vore y-sed ;
Ac ase he was y-mad of erthe,
Ryȝt here an erthe hyt was wel worthe
He were asayd.

Ther-fore nas helle nauȝt y-schet,
Ne develyn ther-inne nauȝt y-dut,
Ine thare crybbe ;
For that hy scholde man asaye,
Wather he was worthe for to deye,
Other to libbe.

Ac tho the devel hyt aspyde,
That man hym scholde ther abyde
 To be assayde,
He thouzte gyle al onder-go,
For of thet he hadde her y-do
 He was affrayde.

Nas wonder thaȝ he wede affrayd,
For swythe wel he was anayd
 Of mannes stad.
For after God semblant he bere,
And he thouzte a thet hym wel er,
 Tho he was y-mad.

Ac hys envie aȝeins man
So great by-cometh, thet al for-than
 He nolde lette,
That he nold man afounde,
And an hym bote he mytte stonde,
 Hys venym sente.

And dede hym in an addre wede,
That best was of mest schreuhede
 Of alle beste ;
Hyt moste neades screwed by-come,
Tho that hy hedde me hym y-nome
 Soche a tempest.

And he gan to the trowe glyde,
That was for-boden, al forte abyde
 After hys praye.

Ac sore hym drade for to faylly,
And dorste nauzt Adam asaylly,
Al for to waye.

Ac wel hym thouzte that Eve nas
Nauzt so stedefast ase Adam was,
That was hyre lorde ;
And ase hy come, he gan here knowe,
And to hyre speke out of the trowe
Thys ylke word :

“ Leve Dame, say me now,
Wy heth God for-bode hyt now,
Thet he ne mote
Eten of al that frut that hys
Here growynde in paradys
To zoure bote ? ”

Eve's Verfynnyng

“ We eteth y-nou,” quath Eve, “ y-wys
Of alle the trowes of paradys,
And beth wel glad ;
Bote thys trow mote we nauzt take,
For bothe me and mynne make
God hyt for-bede.

And seyde 3ef we ther-of ete,
We scholde deye and lyf for-lete,
And alle blysse.”

“ Nay,” quath the fend, “ ac 3o ne scholde ;
Ac he wot fol wel wet he wolde
That for-bead thys.

Sallan
Verffucken

3e wot wel 3ef 3e ther-of toke,
Wyth ezen scholde 3e forth loke,
Ryzt ase godes ;
And conne bothe god and quead,
And never the rather be dead
For hys for-bodyys."

Thos he gan hyre herte ablowe,
And hy sez that frut ine the trowe
Was fayr and god ;
And et throf dame lykerouse,
And maden eke eten hyt hyre spouse ;
Hy weren wode.

Anon opened ther bothe hare ezen,
And naked that hy weren y-sezen,
And woxe of-schamed ;
Wyth leaves hy helete hem ther-fore,
Ne mytte hy noseng be for-bore
To be y-blamed.

Ac tho hy herde God speke,
Wel sone an hal by-gonne threke
Wer thet hy mytte.

"Adam !" quath God "wer myztou be ?"
Queth he, "Lord, tho we herde the,
We were of flyzte ;

And nedes moste, Lord, to sothe,
Al for that we beth naked bothe,
Ase vole thynges."

Queth God, "Ho hath y-scheawed 3ou
That he beth bothe naked nou,
Bote 3oure otinges?"

Sede Adam wytherlyche to Gode,
"Nedde ich y-broke nau3t thy for-bode,
Ne nau3t do so,
Nedde the wymman, Lord, y-be,
That to felaze thou madest me,
Hyt dede hyt me hyt do."

So seyde God Almy3ty to Eve,
"Wy madest thou man mys-beleve,
And thous mys-went?"

Ac tho seyde Eve, so wey that wyle,
"The eddre, Lord, wyth hyre gyle
Heth ous y-schent."

Tho by-gan God speke to that worm,
"For thou areredst therne storm
And alle thys hete,
Acorsed be thou bestes by-syde,
Opone thy wombe thou schalt glyde,
And erthe frete.

And ich schal makye contekhede
By-tuyce thyne and wyves sede,
And moche to pleny.
So schal thy power be by-reved,
That 3ef schal wymman trede thine heved,
And thou hyre wayti."

*Shope do
soldarye*

So sede he, "Wymman here lere,
Hou hy scholde al hyre children bere
Ine sorze and stryf;
And thet hy scholde lybbe her
Evere ine mannes daunger,
Al hyre lyf."

To Adam seyde God of hevene,
"For thou dedest by thine wyves stevene
Thet was for-hote,
Ther hys acorsed ine thyne deade,
In swinched then schalt thy lyf leade,
And ete ine swote.

Al wat thou art azen y-come
Into erthe that thart of y-nome,
Thorȝ deathes bende;
For thou nart bote of poudre y-welt,
And azen into poudre schelt,
Manne, at thyne ende."

Thorȝ the fend that hys oure vo,
Thos by-ganne ferst al oure wo
Thet we beth inne;
An thos by-ganne ferst trecherye,
Thorȝ the feend, and eke onnye
Manne for to wynne.

And wondervol was thys assay,
And wonderlyche zede man away
Lyȝtlyche y-lore;

And wonderlyche ȝet forth myt than
Her ine thys world hys ever man
To sorwe y-bore

Ac, crystene man, for al thys wounder,
Loke that thou ne go nauȝt onder,
Thouȝ wantrokyng; ;
For sothe apreved hys thys saȝe,
Bothe by the elde and nywe laȝe,
Wythoute lesynge.

And skefol was thys ordinaunce,
Thaȝ man by-volle so hard a chaunce,
Thorȝ trycherye ;
For thorȝ mestrye that he vorth droȝ,
The feend in hevene has hys loȝ,
Thorȝ pur mastrye.

Ryȝt also tho he gyle thouȝte,
For to brynge man to noȝte
Pryvelyche ;
God Almyȝty that hys wyl wyste,
Aȝeyns hym thoȝte go by lyste
Also stylyche.

For ine the trowe death was kene,
And that God made wel y-sene,
Thet hyt for-bead.

And ȝe weste that God hyt sede,
ȝef man throf ete he scholde awede,
And eke be dead.

Ac lyf was also ine the trowe,
Ac that ne myȝte be nauȝt y-knowe,
For God hyt hedde ;
For hyt was pryvé for a wyle,
Aȝe the fendes privé gyle
The man for-ledde.

For nauȝt nas hyt y-cleped ne hys
Trou of lyve in paradys ;
Ac wyste,
For ase man was thorȝ trowe by-couȝt,
In trowe he scholde be for-bouȝt,
That the fende neste.

And that was ine the holy rode,
Thorȝ the schewynge of the blode
Of Godes sone ;
Ase ich her-after telle may,
That he tok of a clene may,
Aȝens wone.

Hedde he wyst ther hedde y-be
Lyf for-boute ine the appel-tre,
He nedde assaylled
Nother Adam ne non of hys ;
Ac are the worlde was and hys
Was y-conseyled.

God wyste wel that man schold erry,
And thorȝ onboxamnesse nerry
Fram alle healthe ;

Ther-fore that consayl was wel trye,
Aȝeyns the feendes foule envie
To abatye welthe.

Thys consayl hou hyt scholde be,
Al was y-consayled of thre,
Ere eny tyme ;
Of Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
That ich was embe that thou wel wost
Ferst in thyse ryme.

And was that conseyl so y-tayled,
That hyt ne myȝte habbe faylled,
To bote of manne ;
And certeyn tyme y-set ther-to,
And hou hyt scholde be y-do,
And wer and wanne.

And her mankende swank and dalf,
Fyȝf thousand wynter and an half,
And ȝet wel mo,
Er thane the tyme of lyve come,
And death man hedde for hys dome,
And helle also.

Thet go so longe abod the skyle,
Wel mey be thys that on of vele
To mannes mende ;
For death scholde hys meystryes kethe,
And for-sopil and for-sethe
In deathes bende.

That myȝte ryȝt wel y-knowe,
That he was ryȝt al one threawe,
And harde y-nome ;
And the fend hyȝt myȝte wene,
Thet men out of so longe tene
Ne myȝte come.

Ac her aryst question,
Tho that Adam was broȝt a-doun,
And Eve also,
Wet gelt hedden hy that tho nere,
Thet hy to dethe i-schape were,
And eke to wo ?

Thou syxt, brother, by than by-fore,
That oure aldren were al for-lore,
Adam and Eve ;
For thar nas of ham no partye,
That nas torned to vylanye
So to by-leve.

Ac now be wey of ham y-come,
Wyth flesch and blod of ham i-nome,
Thet was abloue
Thorȝ the fenym of the fende ;
Thanne falth ous rewelyche by kende,
To soffry wowe.

And thos that chyld to nyȝt y-bore,
Thaȝ hyt deyde hyt were for-lore,
ȝef crystnynge nere ;

Thorȝ the flesch that hyt nome
Of hys eldrene that hyt of come,
That wykkede were.

And neades moste, leave brother,
Ryȝt of ham come and man of other,
And be nature.

For elles nadde man y-be
Nauȝt y-lych Gode in Trynyté,
Thorȝ engendrure.

Thaȝ hy be thorȝ senne demeyned,
So nas hyt nauȝt ferst y-ordeyned,
Thy engendrure ;
For tho man seneȝed in Paradys,
Al chaungede that flesch a-mys
To mysaventure.

Elles nedde hyt be no senne,
Thy engendrure of al mankenne,
In al thys wone ;
Ac senneleas hy hadde y-be,
Ase the engendrure in Trynyté
Of Fader and Sone.

Ase mannes y-lyche y-mad of tre
May nauȝt be al ase man may be,
Inne alle thynges ;
Ne Godes y-lyche, man, y-wys
Ne may nauȝt be al ase God ys,
Of hevene kynge.

For God the fader hys leve sone
Engendrede out of alle wone,
Wythoute tyde ;
Ac man hath certayn tyme of elde,
Wanne he may engendrure zelde,
And tyme abyde.

THE END.



For God the fader hys leve sone
Engendrede out of alle wone,
Wythoute tyde ;
Ac man hath certayn tyme of elde,
Wanne he may engendrure zelde,
And tyme abyde.

THE END.

William

The religious poems of William de Shoreham, Vicar of Chart. Sutton, in
Kent, in the reign of Edward II

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